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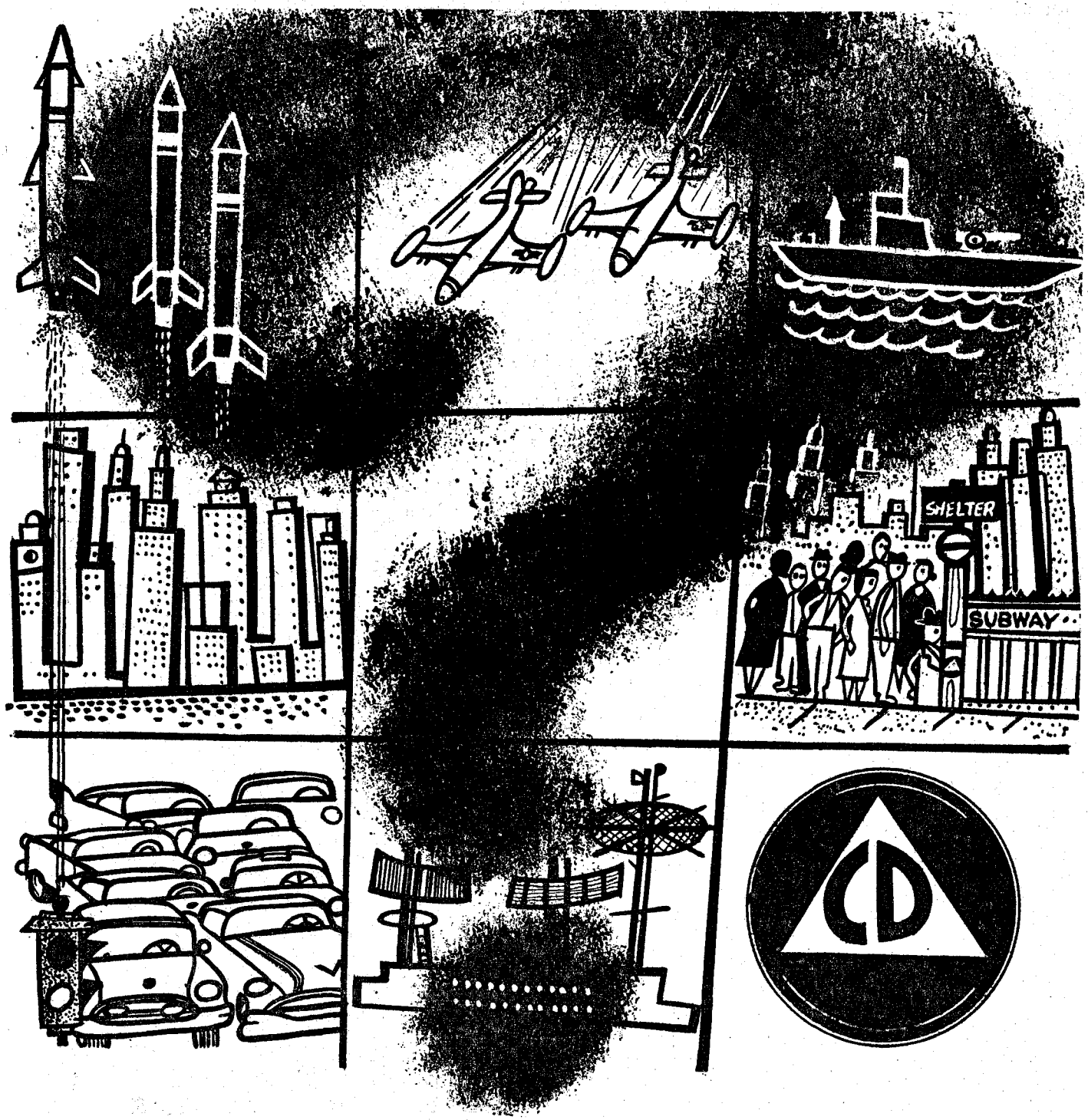

OUR STUPID CIVIL DEFENSE . . *by GENE MARINE*

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LETTERS

"Together" in Methodism

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate you on the article by Dan Wakefield on Slick Paper Christianity. As a lifelong Methodist, I think he is saying something which very much needs saying. I have read the debate in the *Daily Christian Advocate* giving the proceedings of the recent Methodist general conference. I became convinced by reading the debates and especially the background of the editor as given in the denominational build-ups, that the church was not justified in subsidizing to the extent of $2,600,000 what you give the evidence to prove is just another secular magazine with a religious veneer.

JOHN C. LAZENBY
Prof. Emeritus of Education
University of Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs: If *The Nation* ever comes out in slick paper and with color tones of George W. Norris, I'll still abide with it. This is in spite of my being as allergic to streamlining as Dan Wakefield. Apparently the great diversified public is more adjustable. Personally, I'd have kept the mostly black-and-white *Christian Advocate,* but, since 700,000 fellow Methodists are more mid-twentieth-century, we can all prize *Together.* I've reviewed its first four issues beside Wakefield's lampooning, and I find nothing in them that isn't spiritually sound and helpful. They haven't noticeably de-Christianized my family.

W. W. SMITH

Appleton, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs: Reference is made to Dan Wakefield's criticism in your January 19 issue of Slick Paper Christianity and the Methodist magazine *Together.* Speaking as a mere Methodist layman and subscriber to *The Nation,* I fear his immortal prose is more fiction than fact. He starts out by devoting some two hundred words to the alleged faults of Norman Vincent Peale and again on the next page tried to associate Peale with Methodism. The truth is that the Rev. Peale has no connection with *Together,* and is not even a Methodist (for which most of us are devoutly thankful).

He also complains that *Together* is industrialization of Christianity. Regardless of the absurdity of the statement, what is the matter with putting a little Christianity into industry? Of what value would Christianity be if it had no bearing on the secular life and just where is the dividing line between secular and sacred?

When he implies, as he seems to, that the Methodist ministry is given to drinking intoxicating liquors at cocktail parties and telling off-color jokes, we deny that there is a word of truth in it. In short this article should be a collector's item for irrelevant trivia, captiousness, misrepresentation and non sequiturs.

The Methodist Church is not above honest criticism, but the fact remains that it contains about as many, or more, liberals than any church in the United States and I think that as liberals we would do well to stand together and not bear false witness against each other.

C. P. STEVENS

Escalon, California

The Wrong Psalm

Dear Sirs: As if to give additional validity to the article by David L. Weissman [January 19], President Eisenhower contributed to the Americanization of God and the phariseeism of politics by taking the oath of office with his hand on the twelfth verse of the Thirty-third Psalm: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance."

I suspect that the Lord would be better pleased with the United States and its chief magistrate if Mr. Eisenhower had placed his hand farther down on the same page and had directed Press Secretary Hagerty to call national attention to the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth verses of that Psalm of David:

"The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.

"From the place of His habitations He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

"He fashioneth their hearts alike; He considereth all their works."

IRVING BRANT

Washington, D. C.

Discord on Jazz

Dear Sirs: In certain chapters of *The Heart of Jazz,* I apply to jazz basic concepts of analysis and of criticism derived largely from Irving Babbitt, Ortega y Gasset and religious sources. If my method and conclusions are valid—and they have been found so by a number of scholars—a great deal of popular jazz criticism has gone astray on first principles. Unfortunately, some of the writers responsible for this criticism are also jazz-book reviewers. Two of them, to their credit, declined to review *The Heart of Jazz.* Your reviewer, John S. Wilson, yielded to no such scruple, although he had as much reason.

Mr. Wilson devotes his treatment [see *The Nation,* January 5] of my part of the book entirely to a denial of my assertion that there is a Judeo-Christian feeling in New Orleans jazz. I think it safe to say that virtually every Negro who loves New Orleans jazz recognizes

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Who's to Blame for Mr. Dulles?

The President's continued insensitivity to the maladroitness of his Secretary of State has reached the point where it is he, and no longer Mr. Dulles, who is on the spot. If the Secretary is one of those unhappy creatures who was born with his foot in his mouth, it must be clear that at his age the posture is no longer curable. When he is not insulting the British and the French armies, he is insulting the intelligence of the rest of the world: "The Middle East" (we paraphrase) "consists of several countries which we are prepared to defend against Communist aggression, plus several others which we are not prepared to defend but which I cannot name because I do not want the Russians to know what it is we are not prepared to defend." That neither insult was intentional only gives point to the aphorism that no gentleman insults another unintentionally.

Matters have reached a pass where even when the Secretary is right (instances don't come readily to mind), he is hardly listened to. On both sides of Congress he has created widespread distrust and irritation; and, as a result of his unequalled talent for visiting friends and leaving them as enemies, he has done the same abroad. Last week, during a House of Commons debate, a member intervened to ask whether Britain might not feel "considerably more secure" if "we were not flanked by Mr. Dulles."

The President is even more intimately flanked than the British by Mr. Dulles, and his continued loyalty to the Secretary is unacceptable whether it is based on understanding or misunderstanding of what his right-hand man is doing.

The Thaw

A U. S. information officer in Tokyo charged on January 27 that "profiteers, grafters and politicians" around the world were getting American foreign-aid funds, that Washington's barring U. S. newsmen from China was wrong and that the Eisenhower Doctrine "may lead us beyond the brink and into atomic war."

The rebel, Charles Edmundson, was axed the next day. But, whereas free discussion of the nation's foreign policy was effectively frozen during the first Eisenhower term, there is now a restless undercurrent. Does Edmundson see graft in some Asian countries? On January 24 the House International Operations subcommittee charged that nearly $250 millions of U. S. aid to Iran had been handed out in "a cavalier, free-wheeling and casual fashion." Is it improper to make China off-limits to U. S. newsmen? Henry Ford II, speaking on January 26, asserted that our economic sanctions against Communist countries, including China, apparently "have tended to play right into the Kremlin's hands to the extent that they make the satellites more dependent on Moscow."

And where Congress in January, 1955, stampeded to give the President the free hand he demanded for dealing with any threat he might perceive on Formosa's none-too-clear horizons, it is today notably less eager to accept without question his similar Middle East program. The House of Representatives has duly rubber-stamped it, but various Senators have been asking extremely pointed questions. Senators Mansfield and Fulbright voiced the nation's pent-up doubts. Said Mansfield: "We now have the cumulative price of inaction, of empty campaign slogans of peace when there was no peace." And Fulbright: "I need more convincing evidence than I have had up to this time, that the Secretary of State has evolved policies regarding the Middle East which are in the interest of our national welfare."

The Administration has erred tactically (as well as morally) in deliberately painting the foreign scene a somber black or cheerful pink to suit its immediate political purposes. The ominous rumblings we now hear recall the break-up of river ice-jams in spring: a thaw has come as regards public debate on foreign policy.

The Vanishing Breed

The American press is, quite properly and quite understandably, indignant at Washington's bullyragging of the three reporters who recently entered Red China without permission of the State Department. These men have been deprived of their passports and are darkly threatened with having to stand trial on their return home under the trading with the enemy act (presumably they will have had to buy meals, tooth paste and shoe shines from the Reds). Newspaper comment makes two points: that government restriction of a reporter's movements is an infringement of freedom of speech, and that the American public is not properly informed of events in

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foreign countreis by second-hand reports and official handouts.

Both points are well taken, but the current issue of *Nieman Reports* carries an investigation of American press representation abroad that is a wry footnote to the protest. According to Theodore Kruglak, a former newsman and now a teacher of journalism, American papers show no eagerness to maintain correspondents in countries where even the State Department is willing to let Americans look around for themselves. At the present time there are only five newspapers or magazines and two syndicates that maintain correspondents in London, Paris, Rome and Germany. There are eighty-five papers of circulation greater than 100,000 which employ no regular overseas representatives at all. The American press in general depends on the wire services for its European news and the offices of the wire services are staffed with 82 per cent local personnel. Overseas wire-service offices, moreover, are engaged in *selling* news as well as gathering it; like all good salesmen they must try to offend nobody.

As every movie-goer knows, foreign correspondents are the romantic elite of the newspaper profession, and the trio who visited China were living up to a glamorous reputation. But the sad fact may be that the breed is rapidly becoming as extinct as the similarly picturesque soldier of fortune.

The Failure of Immorality

In the course of the CBS year-end radio and TV review of international affairs, the following bit of dialogue occurred:

> *Eric Sevareid:* I don't think the British-French action was immoral. I agree . . . it was merely stupid, though that's probably worse.
>
> *Edward Murrow:* And it also failed, which is even worse still.

This cynical exchange reflects not so much on Messrs. Sevareid and Morrow as it does on the mores of our time, which considers that morality, particularly in international affairs, is not a virtue but a weakness. As applied to the situation in the Middle East, this kind of cynicism is bound to increase as it becomes clearer that, despite the President's red-carpet welcome to Saud, Nasser will continue to prefer Russian economic and military aid to American in solving his growing economic problems.

But it was not the exercise of morality which has brought us into difficulties—it was the immorality of the Anglo-French aggression, the immorality of having permitted Egypt to discriminate against Israeli shipping, the immorality of a do-nothing policy in the face of continuous violations of U.N.-established borders, the immorality of broken promises, venal intrigue and greedy exploitation that have marked big-power policy in the Middle East for the last half-century.

Mr. Murrow chooses to place morality below success in his scale of values, and Mr. Sevareid below intelligence in his. Yet both these experienced observers must know that morality usually succeeds, and is never stupid, when it is unfailingly applied. It is not something that can be turned on and off like a water-tap. In the Middle East, it was turned on experimentally, as a last-minute resort—and by that time it was much too late. The Middle East crisis is a monument to the failure not of morality, but of immorality.

The Wellman Case

Saul Wellman, a purple-heart paratrooper of World War II, and former head of the Communist Party in Detroit, has been convicted under the Smith Act and sentenced to four years and eight months in prison. Mrs. Peggy Wellman, forty-four, his wife, who has been charged with no crime, has nevertheless been ordered deported under the McCarran-Walter Act because she was born in Canada, although she was brought to this country as a few-months-old infant and has lived here since.

At the deportation hearings, two witnesses testified to having seen Mrs. Wellman at Communist meetings. We have no knowledge as to whether Mrs. Wellman is a Communist or not. What we do know is that if she is one, she is an American Communist and not a Canadian one—unless the party was inducting members at an earlier age than any of us thought possible. But the arbitrary nature of the order constitutes one of its lesser injustices. Of greater moment is its inhumanity. Deportation in this case means the disrupting or the uprooting of a family that has never known any other home than the United States. The Wellmans have two children; David, sixteen, was an honor student at a Detroit intermediate school and in 1954 won an Americanism award from the American Legion "for qualities necessary to the preservation and protection of our country"; and Vickie, a fourteen-year-old girl, this year won the same prize. We hold no brief for the Legion's Americanism program; we merely note that the awards represent a compliment to the upbringing of the Wellman children from a wildly improbable quarter.

Even law-makers sometimes recognize that the law is an ass and provide built-in safeguards in the interest of justice. Under the McCarran-Walter Act, the Attorney General can intervene to permit Mrs. Wellman to stay in the United States. Many prominent persons and various Michigan organizations, including the militantly anti-Communist Michigan CIO Council, have petitioned the government along these lines. "We honestly believe," wrote the council, "that any respectable, fair-thinking American citizen would have a feeling of revulsion against the deportation of a person in Mrs. Wellman's situation." We agree, and hope our readers agree also—and make known their agreement.

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OUR STUPID CIVIL DEFENSE

Playing Politics with National Survival . . *by Gene Marine*

San Francisco

WE REACHED Palo Alto at 7:30 in the morning. A friend and I had been driving steadily from Palm Springs—500 miles—and we were thirty-five miles from our San Francisco homes, on one of the newest of California's modern freeways. Only three times in that final thirty-five miles, for intervals of perhaps two hundred yards each, did I manage to get the car out of low gear.

I've been in a commuters' crush before, but this one sticks in mind because waiting for me at home was a pamphlet—a neat, professional job in three colors, thirty-two pages plus the covers. Its title is *It's Your Life;* its publisher, the San Francisco Disaster Council and Corps, better known as the local civil-defense authority; its contents, an evacuation plan for San Francisco in case of armed attack.

WITH SEVERAL hundred thousand others, I am a confirmed skeptic about evacuating the peninsular city of San Francisco. This is partly because of knowledge I have gleaned in preparing articles on atomic weapons and civil defense, but mostly because of the implications in the opening paragraph. Since the San Francisco Oakland bridge is to be closed to evacuees (lest the San Franciscans meet Oaklanders and, presumably, create a mid-bridge impasse), there are five ways out of the city. The pamphlet says six, but ignores the fact that two of them merge just past the city limits. And of the five routes, two must be reached by the same road—they *separate* just beyond the city limits.

Yet, if the pamphlet has done little to alert the public, there is another document that does; and put together with *It's Your Life,* the second document takes on a new dimension and becomes a fascinating study indeed. Its stuffy title is *Civil Defense for National Survival,* and it is sub-headed "Twenty-fourth Intermediate Report of the Committee on Government Operations." This is a House committee; the hearings which are reported were actually held by a subcommittee (the one on Military Operations!) headed by Chet Holifield. Two hundred and eleven witnesses testified on civil defense; their testimony takes up 3,145 close-printed pages, bound in seven volumes. The hearings lasted a full year, and were held in major population centers across the country. There is a Minority Report, and even a Minority comment on the Minority Report which consists of a single sentence by Clare Hoffman, Republican of Michigan, who insisted on noting that "civil defense to date has been a waste of public funds."

There is, alas, very little in the report—or, in the "San Francisco Plan" against which I measured it—to discredit Mr. Hoffman's observation. But, as we shall see, this does not mean that any civil-defense planning would be a waste of funds—far from it!

CRITICS ranging from sincere pacifists to cynical professional debunkers have managed to prove a good many things about atomic weapons and civil defense; much of what they have "proved" is mutually contradictory. The problem itself can be put in simple terms. Assuming an explosion or a deadly radiation or both, there are only two things to be done: either you put something tangible between you and the source of trouble, or you put distance there instead. The questions for civil defense are: How much protection (or distance)? How is it put there? Will people know what they are to do in time to do it?

For the purposes of this article, the effects of an atomic attack are neither complex nor difficult to explain. Assuming an attack on San Francisco (because that is where I live, and because I intend to come back to the pamphlet that was in my mailbox), there would be a number of variables depending on the size and makeup of the bomb, where it fell, the height of the bomb at the moment of explosion, etc. Regardless of these variables, the effects to be feared remain fixed: blast, heat, immediate radiation and subsequent fallout.

THE HIROSHIMA bomb (one feels that everyone must know this by now) was a pre-Hiroshima bomb times a thousand, as far as blast is concerned. A twenty-megaton bomb has probably been exploded; it multiplies the Hiroshima bomb by another thousand. For those whose image of destruction by bombing still goes back to Berlin or Coventry, a twenty-megaton H-bomb is a block-buster times a million. I report that for emphasis: *one million block-busters.*

But this figure can be misleading. As far as the first three of our main effects are concerned—blast, heat, and immediate radiation—the *diameter of the affected area* does *not* increase by a million times or anything like it. A twenty-megaton bomb equals a thousand Hiroshima bombs in explosive force—but the blast-damaged area is only ten times that of Hiroshima (if the word "only" is not completely out of place in this connection).

In testimony before the Holifield subcommittee, Dr. Willard F. Libby, scientist member of the AEC, used a ten-megaton bomb to give an idea of blast effect. Take a building of reinforced concrete, the walls ten inches thick, the floors six inches. Place it three and a quarter miles from a ten-megaton blast. It will collapse. Twelve miles away, homes will suffer severe damage (San Francisco is about 9.7 miles wide from Port Winfield Scott to Candlestick

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GENE MARINE is The Nation's *West Coast correspondent.*

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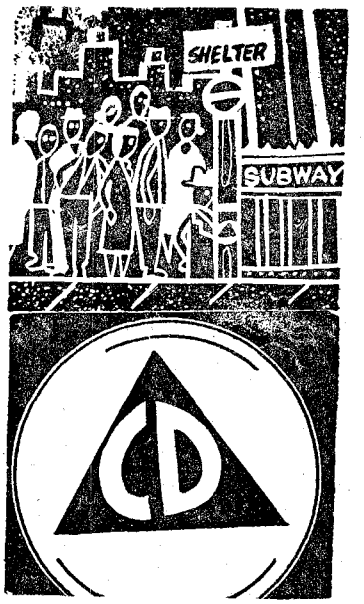
Cove); eighteen miles away, the damage would be "light to moderate."

A twenty-megaton bomb would range somewhat further in its circle of destruction; and there is no known reason why a bomb could not be built running to sixty megatons or more. Nor is there any particular reason for civil-defense authorities (or anyone else) to asume that the bomb is going to fall on the exact geographical center of a target area. Also, for some reason, the assumption seems always to be made that the delivery will be by air; it will be seen later that this is not necessarily so.

To go back to Dr. Libby's ten-megaton hypothesis, he testified that if a bomb of that size were exploded at ground level on a clear day, any exposed person up to twelve miles away could expect third-degree burns from the heat. Should the bomb be exploded as an air burst, third-degree burns would appear about fifteen miles out. Fires would start, and in some places—the more crowded parts of cities—virtual storms of fire would probably take place.

To discuss radiation, Dr. Libby came down from the ten-megaton heights and used a "small" Hiroshima-size bomb. At 3,000 feet from the explosion of such a bomb, Dr. Libby testified, 50 per cent of all human beings would die from radiation alone *even if they were protected by a foot of concrete*. Three feet of concrete, however, would protect practically all of them, at that distance. (You learn none of this, incidentally, from *It's Your Life*—which tells you how relatively safe you are in an automobile as opposed to standing in the street.)

THEN THERE'S fallout—the much discussed radioactive materials thrown into the sky by the explosion, which later settle, at an all-but-unpredictable rate. After the Bikini tests in 1954 (long, long after) the AEC conceded that 7,000 square miles had been contaminated by fallout; the San Francisco booklet, in its three unworried paragraphs on the subject, says merely that it "can reach out over a hundred miles"



and gives as a "typical fallout pattern" a cigar-shaped area of under 7,500 square miles. But in the civil-defense "dry run" of 1955, tagged Operation Alert, it was assumed that a ground-exploded weapon of fourteen megatons generated fallout over an area of some 63,000 square miles. Dr. Libby himself, discussing in 1955 the possibilities of a single bomb burst, used the figure of 100,000 square miles; he was talking to an audience of fellow scientists at the time, and nobody gasped in surprise.

The Holifield report attacked the AEC for minimizing fallout danger, but for our purposes here it is necessary to note only that it will reach over many thousands of square miles and, undoubtedly, kill many thousands of people per explosion—but only in the direction in which the wind carries it. *It's Your Life* tells San Franciscans that "winds from the ocean cause [the typical fallout pattern] to fall to the eastward of our evacuation routes 74 per cent of the time" (taken due East, the fallout would carry at least into Yosemite National Park).

The point to be emphasized here is that blast, heat, immediate radiation and fallout, however terrible their toll, will *not kill* or severely maim everyone within a hundred and fifty miles of ground zero. That fact in itself constitutes sufficient reason for a civil-defense organization. The hearings make it plain, furthermore, that the number of survivors of any attack can be increased by intelligent planning. To survey what is being done, and what might be done, is not to concede the inevitability of attack. On the other hand, ignoring the whole thing as a "farce," as some insist on doing, will not lessen the possibility of attack. It might, in fact, increase the danger, since the vulnerability of an enemy is certainly a factor in any decision to attack.

What about the *physical* possibility of an attack? There is only one possible enemy at the moment; could he reach us, and how? In an earlier hearing (the Kefauver civil-defense subcommittee, 1955, a military leader told the Senators that Russia then had enough bombers and weapons to destroy America's "key targets" if defense were insufficient. Much of similar testimony given before the Holifield group was secret, but we have the word of the Chief of Naval Operations that Russia now has 400 submarines and is adding about eighty a year. Probably some of them are guided-missile launchers.

According to the subcommittee, 30 per cent of our "key targets" are within 150 miles of the shore—easy missile range. Admiral Burke, the CNO, admitted that large numbers of submarines could reach our shores undetected. Atomic warheads for missiles are an accomplished fact. Thus, while every communications medium, from Strategic Air Command publicity releases to Pat Frank's novels and *Terry and the Pirates*, stresses over-the-pole air attack, the possibility of hydrogen assault by submarine remains almost unthought-of in the public mind.

OUR DEFENSIVE measures, too, are somewhat distorted in the popular image. The powerful public-relations pundits of the Strategic Air Command have hammered into the heads of movie-goers and TV viewers the idea of retaliatory air power as a "deterrent." But Dr. Albert Hill of MIT, leading scientist of the Joint Chiefs' Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, pointed out: "One can never count on a potential enemy being completely logical and deciding he won't attack us because he himself will be destroyed."

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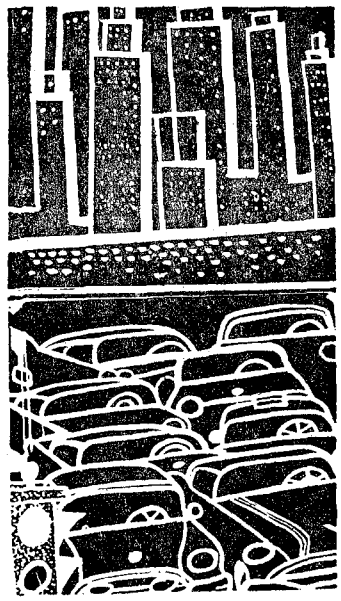
The American radar network, already fabulously large, is growing constantly, including now not only land-based radar in Canada and Alaska, but picket ships, offshore "Texas towers" and a constant screen of airborne "warning planes." DEW —the "distant early warning" line of radarscopes across the top of North America—is nearing completion, as is SAGE, the massive military-communications network in its support. Yet Willard Bascom of the National Academy of Sciences noted that while "the U. S. is investing billions of dollars" in DEW and its military communications, there is a sad lack to be made up: "To relay this warning to the poor taxpayers who paid for it, all civil-defense organizations together have spent a total of sixteen millions." And General Curtis LeMay, who should know, told the subcommittee that such aircraft as Russia's turbo-prop *Bear* can go "clear around the warning line and come in from the Southeast."

The already famous ICBM—the intercontinental ballistic missile—does not yet exist; or at least, if it does, we aren't being told about it. It's almost certain though, that it *will* exist, and when it does, according to the testimony before the Congressmen, DEW and SAGE will be obsolescent, multibillion-dollar white elephants.

WITH THIS all-too-brief look, then, at the possible effects of thermonuclear weapons and at the impossibility of any real defense based on stopping the attackers before they arrive, pessimism might seem to be in order. That, at least, seemed to be the conclusion in a somewhat surprising quarter: the federal civil-defense chief, Val Peterson, told the subcommittee:

> I do not want to be a party in sitting here and discussing these problems, to any make-believe, that by delegations and by planning and by thinking, that by any stretch of the imagination can you get America fully ready for this kind of an attack on a day-to-day peaceful existence basis.

Dr. Merle Tuve, of the National Academy of Sciences, who headed that body's study of civil defense, disagreed with some emphasis; with



"reasonable" preparation, he insisted, *80 per cent* of the casualties and deaths could be avoided. In December, 1956, Peterson told the press that a meaningful shelter program would "bankrupt" the country: yet the Holifield subcommittee heard a representative of American Machine & Foundry Company report on a shelter (said by FCDA shelter expert Dr. Ben Taylor to hold great promise) the cost of which would be about $100 per person, including food and medical supplies (but excluding land). The estimated cost for the entire United States: about eight billion dollars—about one-fifth of the country's 1958 national-security budget.

THERE IS an immense chasm between what is *known* about the defense of civilians in nuclear attack and what is being *done*. In *It's Your Life,* San Franciscans are warned against "confusing chitchat." Don't be misled, says the pamphlet, by criticisms or public comments: "WHEN BETTER MEANS OF PROTECTING YOU AND YOURS ARE POSSIBLE, San Francisco will present them to you."

But *It's Your Life,* except for an occasional admonition to duck if you haven't got time to run, is wholly an evacuation plan; and Peterson admitted to the subcommittee that fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation, the preferred method of protection (note, incidentally, that the government has known about fallout at least since the March, 1954 bomb tests, and that it is now 1957). Almost without exception, the scientific witnesses pooh-poohed evacuation plans and emphasized shelter. Only the defense administration seems to lag behind.

Peterson's own testimony favored "the optimum combination of evacuation and shelter" (presumably everyone else's would, too); but, as the subcommittee pointed out in its report, he has never requested shelter funds, and even since 1954 has described shelters, existing and potential, as "death traps" and "burial grounds." Now, he says, he is waiting for the results of twenty-five "survival-plan" studies of city areas before approaching Congress; the subcommittee recommended that $20 millions worth of studies be discontinued as at best duplication and delay and, at worst, boondoggling.

The only existing FCDA shelter program is an occasional statement urging the public to build (and pay for) its own shelters. Even here, Willard Bascom and other witnesses were severely critical of the FCDA's recommended designs. The "Temporary Basement Corner Room Shelter," Bascom pointed out by way of example, involves 515 sandbags. Aside from the fact that "sandbags five deep in the living room, if that happens to be above your basement, might be an annoyance in daily living," Bascom noted that paying about $150 for materials alone, one might construct the shelter only to find that unless the sand is perfectly dry, the bags will rot.

Bascom also argued for an immediate mass-shelter program, an argument adopted by the subcommittee in its report. With Bascom's emphasis:

> *The public is simply not well enough informed to demand protection for itself.* Therefore, responsible authorities must recognize the danger and make provision for national protection.

In 1951, the National Security Resources Board recognized, in a series of statements, the urgency of industrial dispersal. Project East River, a two-year government study of American vulnerability, named dispersal as probably the most im-

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portant single defensive measure. In 1956, after a strong Senate fight, the Defense Production Act was amended to read, in part: " . . . it is the policy of Congress to promote the geographical dispersal of the industrial facilities of the United States . . . and to discourage . . concentration . . . within limited geographical areas. . . . "

But the political implications are obvious, symbolized by the fact that the amendment was introduced by a Senator from Utah and the fight against it led by a Senator from Connecticut. The states that have industry want to keep it. Even the late Senator McMahon of Connecticut, the Senate's "Mr. Atom" until his untimely death, once flatly told a group of scientific journalists that "you will not hear me advocating the decentralizing of industry out of Connecticut." He might as well have resigned his Senate seat, and he knew it.

Thus, though the subcommittee heard testimony attacking $500 millions worth of new construction going up between the Pentagon and the White House, and admitted the desirability of dispersal, the report conceded its probable inoperability as a policy. We San Franciscans, for our part, will watch a new multimillion-dollar federal office building go up in Civic Center.

Another set of blasts was reserved for Conelrad, the radio system wherein, in case of attack, you tune your (battery-operated) radio to one of two frequencies to get the current news and instructions. The general public, insofar as they knew of Conelrad at all (a San Francisco housewife, queried by a survey, identified Conelrad as a television actor), knows only what it is told in *It's Your Life:*

> Confirm the siren signal by tuning regular radio channels; if they are off the air, try emergency channels 640 or 1240.

And later:

> Keep your radios tuned. Channels 640 and 1240 will carry news, instructions for your safety, information of vital importance to you.

With each copy of *It's Your Life,* San Franciscans received two stickers showing the Conelrad frequencies; the idea is to stick them on your radio and your telephone—the latter as a reminder to leave that instrument strictly alone if an attack comes.

The idea of Conelrad ("control of electromagnetic radiation") is that immediately, in an alert, radio stations will go off the air; then some stations will switch to channels 640 or 1240 and broadcast information and instructions. In a given area, a group of stations will form a Conelrad "cluster." For various reasons, messages are then broken up so that one station will broadcast a few words, another the next few words, and so on. The Air Force insists this is necessary to keep from aiding the enemy in locating targets. A good many witnesses, however, insisted that the enemy would not need such help—and the resultant garbling will certainly not help the citizenry.

WHAT FEW people seem to have taken into account (certainly it is not mentioned in *It's Your Life,* in the numerous radio "commercials" about Conelrad, or in FCDA releases) is that when the attack comes and people turn their radios to 640 or 1240, they aren't going to hear anything for at least twenty minutes—by which time it may well be getting a bit late for instructions. The changeover to the Conelrad frequencies simply can't be made much faster.

> In Washington, D.C., [Bascom told the subcommittee] there is no prepared script and there may not be anyone present who can give sensible directions to the public. Since no provisions have been made for sheltering either the people who will operate the radio stations or the announcer in the civil defense headquarters, the people required for the operation of Conelrad must therefore be regarded as expendable.

The most serious objection to Conelrad, however, is implicit in the booklet *It's Your Life.* Since the booklet is an evacuation plan, it assumes that there will probably be sufficient warning time to make evacuation practicable. But since this would mean at least an hour, there would be no need to make the Conelrad switch-over just at the time when the public would need information most. A speedy plane still an hour away would derive little benefit from a broadcast beam.

The gap, then, between civil-defense practice and theory is easy enough to demonstrate. On the one hand is *It's Your Life,* which in effect tells San Franciscans what they are to do (and, by implication and omission, what they cannot do) as follows:

1. In case of attack without warning, take cover. We have no shelters for you, but we have designs for shelters (however dubious), if you have the space and the money to build them yourselves. They will help some of you, if you can get to them.

2. In case there is time, get out—over a prescribed route. We insist, despite all that is known about blow-outs and fallout, that this is practicable.

On the other hand, there are the recommendations of the Holifield subcommittee:

1. A Cabinet-level Department of Civil Defense (this has been set up, though not precisely in the way recommended);

2. A nation-wide shelter-building program, financed largely by the federal government;

3. A master civil-defense plan for the nation and for each "target area";

4. Suspension of the costly "survival studies";

5. Clarification of the military's role in civil defense (the subcommittee was alarmed by the President's martial-law declaration during 1955's "Operation Alert"), and a training program for military personnel in civil-defense duties;

6. Complete redrafting of civil-defense legislation, making the basic responsibility federal (this was the principal point of attack in the minority report).

The report of the Holifield subcommittee insists in its conclusion that:

> As a national effort [civil defense] is neither hopeless nor useless. On the contrary, [it] is an integral part of the nation's ability to deter war, to ward off attack if war comes, to survive actual assault, and to restore its way to life. . . . [It] must be accorded a share of the national bud-

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> get commensurate with its deterrent and protective value. . . .

That is the theory. The practice, typified by *It's Your Life* and by the similar activities of local civil-defense agencies throughout the country, was perhaps best summed up in testimony by General Otto Nelson, who directed Project East River. Under the present concept, he said

> . . . one considers the non-military defense task to be so difficult, complex and expensive that there is no practical or effective solution. However, this is not to be admitted publicly, but instead an ineffective phantom program is set up with appropriate individuals and agencies to serve as scapegoats, if such are needed at a later time.

The general admitted that his statement was probably extreme. But the phrase "phantom program" stands before the nation's legislators, its communicators and its citizens, both as an indictment and as a challenge.

LEGAL WAR on the NAACP . . *by Stanley Rowland, Jr.*

IN THE VIEW of many citizens, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is guilty of the outrageous sin of being effective in its fight for racial equality and integration. This is why they're out to get it.

Since its inception in 1909, the association has won many battles in court—the Supreme Court ruling to desegregate schools is perhaps its greatest victory to date—and steadily advanced Negro rights. It functions with complete legality through due process of law, seeking to make the Constitution fully alive for the Negro citizen. To persons who would like to "let race relations improve naturally" the association seems full of men in a terrible hurry. But how fast is too fast so long as the basic rights of democracy are suppressed?

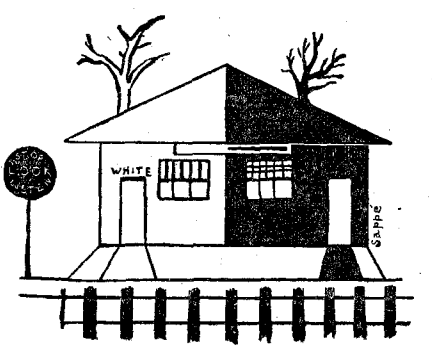
These rights are being denied in a two-pronged drive centering in the South today. One prong is the broad effort to prevent integration, to stave off social revolution by keeping the Negro "in his place." The other is the drive to kill the NAACP, spearhead of integration.

The major groups fighting integration and the NAACP are assorted Citizens Councils, "patriotic" societies and states' rights groups. They have a total membership estimated at 500,000, leaders ranging from clerks to university dons, and are strongest in the Carolinas, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia and Arkansas. Many of the members originally espoused moderation and proposed to fight the Supreme Court ruling through legal channels on the charge of unconstitutional infringement of federal law upon local customs.

But the Civil War established federal primacy and in its desegregation ruling the Court merely applied this established legal principle to a new field. So the councils' message became in effect a plea for lawless resistance when translated to the mob. The result has been the rise of extremist leadership and outbreaks of mob violence. Anti-Semitism is running through the racist pronouncements and the Ku Klux Klan is being revived in some instances. The picture is one of strong minorities composed of persons with petty grudges and prejudices now welded together in hate.

A perennial charge hurled at the NAACP is that it somehow promotes miscegenation. The assertion is absurd: any father who fears for his daughter should look to her upbringing; it takes two to make a love affair. Further, there is no real evidence from Northern schools that integration increases interracial sexual relations.

Another charge leveled by extremists against the NAACP is the allegation that it's "loaded with Communists." To dispose quickly of this dead cat, suffice it to say that the association is well aware that Communist penetration would mean the kiss of death, has helped sponsor workshops to study and prevent such penetration and has vigorously rebuffed all Communist overtures.



The sober majority of segregationists, though they may fear miscegenation, more often charge the NAACP with extremism somehow comparable to the more violent White Citizens Councils. True, the NAACP is aggressive, but beyond this fact the resemblance splinters on the hard rock of facts: the councils strive to thwart the law, while the association seeks to uphold and make it live; the mobs riot and throw dynamite at integrationists, while the association functions through due process.

Thus the NAACP is just as Constitutional and pure as the Rotary Club. If it were also as tame, and merely made pear-shaped pronouncements about integration, then it would be in little danger. But it is a fighting organization which, in the judgment of numerous white Southerners, has committed the unpardonable sin of being effective in its integration fight.

In Texas it is out of business, banned by a "temporary" court injunction for alleged lobbying, failure to pay taxes (as though it were a profit instead of non-profit organization), and supposedly recruiting persons for lawsuits. At the hearing, an attorney asked an eighteen-year-old Negro girl: "Are you afraid now

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to file a lawsuit to enter the Junior College of Texarkana?"

"Yes."

"When did you first become afraid?"

"After this court of inquiry."

One wonders what our courts are being turned into when they make a citizen afraid to exercise her Constitutional rights. But this is the way it's being done. The councils are employing a weapon the association lacks—pipelines to state legislatures. A Mississippi council leader and legislator declared that he would not only fire any Negro who belonged to a group fostering integration, but would make sure that the Negro couldn't find employment elsewhere, couldn't borrow money or buy food.

In Atlanta the association was forced to yield its records; in Florida the legislature has set up a committee to investigate it; in Alabama it has been crippled by a $100,000 fine for doing business as an unregistered out-of-state corporation; in Louisiana it has been forced to surrender membership lists under a 1924 law aimed at the Ku Klux Klan; Virginia has passed laws requiring registration of members of groups promoting integration. Most of these measures were enacted in the latter part of 1956, and more can be expected, so the party has only begun.

Once membership lists are obtained and the names leaked out, then reprisals start. NAACP members and other integrationists are summarily fired from their jobs—sometimes wholesale, as in Selma, Alabama. Farmers can't find anyone to gin their cotton, banks refuse the usual crop loans, storekeepers have supplies cut off, mortgages are called, prices suddenly go up. In Orangeburg, South Carolina, "the merchants have become business suicidal maniacs in their fanatic zeal to squeeze Negroes," a reporter found. In Yazoo City, Mississippi, the signer of an integration petition was informed that bread would cost him a dollar a loaf. Telephoned threats are frequent, and occasionally a Negro is murdered—such as the Rev. George W. Lee, who was shot for registering to vote in Belzoni, Mississippi. In Clarendon County, South Carolina, where the original school-integration cases began, reprisals have cut association membership from 1,100 to 500—and without state legal aid.

The legality of the various moves is being contested by the NAACP. Each case is proving to be a time-consuming and costly battle. These moves against the organization probably have the sympathy but not the spontaneous support of the mass. "The NAACP is highly unpopular in our Southland, but it isn't illegal," said an editorial in the Florence (S. C.) *News*. While the association is frequently abhorred, the majority of Southerners apparently accept its lawfulness.

THE ONES out to get the NAACP are the councils and extremists, the organized minority; and the frightening development is their use of legislatures and state legal machinery as their tools. While governments are supposed to respond to the will of the majority and protect minorities, in the South we have the spectacle of one minority using the process of government to stifle another.

Still another minority could do likewise tomorrow. If a law aimed at the Ku Klux Klan yesterday can be used against the NAACP today, it can be used against Jewish or Catholic action groups tomorrow, against the Masons the next day, and so on. By yielding to pressures and not supporting the legal rights of the NAACP, however much they may detest that body, the mass of Southerners have endangered their own democratic rights and by that much have shrunk the democracy of our nation.

But to white-supremacy tacticians, who are not interested in democracy, the results have been cheering. The association's lawyers and funds, to a great extent, are preempted in court fights to preserve its very life. This drains its resources from the integration struggle, which is thereby slowed, and the segregationists have bought more time against the inevitable. They are paying with the hard-won rights of democracy.

Where can the NAACP turn? It is turning to the North, increasing its efforts there and seeking more funds. Last year its membership exceeded 350,000 and its income surpassed $1,000,000 for the first time. But such money goes fast under fines and legal harassment.

With the association handicapped, the churches and Negro clergy have assumed greater importance in the integration struggle. This is partly because of their idealism and partly because of their relative immunity from economic pressures; they can't be fired by a white boss. Always a mainstay of NAACP activity and leadership on the local level, the Negro churches will be bearing more of the direct integration burden as economic pressures increase.

The easy manner in which these reprisals are conducted, the summary firings of workers, are indications of the primitive labor conditions of the area. Elsewhere white men and brown alike are protected in their jobs by union contracts, but in areas of the South the labor movement is still fighting for effective recognition and contending with the problems of racism. Though FEPC, if it ever comes, could help the Negro's job security, his best support will be the development of a strong, integrated, democratic labor movement throughout the South. And there are still many dawns before this day arrives.

Meantime the integrationists suffer and their champion, the NAACP, suffers, and there is little that can be done except to pour support into the association to enable it to fight on two fronts—for its own life and for a better life for its people. Neither this struggle nor the work of the extremists are exclusively Southern problems, for the country is a whole body and a wound in one member affects all. Economic reprisals in Mississippi touch the business man in New York, while election of the bigoted to Congress divides that body and affects the processes of law and policy making. The Ku Klux Klan spread northward and the extremist councils may well do the same, augmenting racial hatred with prejudice against Jews and Catholics. Therefore the struggle belongs to all those who value democracy, and victory will be of value to all by protecting the democratic rights of all—including those who disagree with the Supreme Court.

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REDEEMING THE MURDERER . . *by Derrick Sington*

Utrecht, Holland

IN FORTY-TWO American states the archaism of capital punishment continues in defiance of the manifold evidence proving that punishment by killing is no deterrent to crime. In the six states where the death penalty has been abolished for non-political crimes, lifelong confinement of murderers is perpetrated as the sole acceptable alternative to capital punishment. Ostensibly life incarceration is invoked for the protection of society from the "incorrigible" and "dangerous" offender. In reality, insistence upon it springs much more from instincts of retribution and revenge.

The truth is that the constructive civilized alternative to execution or veritable life-imprisonment for the "dangerous" and "twisted" criminal has not yet been fully accepted in any country of the world. That alternative is the cure and rehabilitation of people who are offenders because they have become deformed in mind and spirit. The well-meaning efforts of the educator and social worker—already so extensively deployed—cannot alone achieve the decisive end, nor can it be brought about merely through good prison-plant, vocational training, libraries and lectures in citizenship. The modern weapon of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis offers the brightest hope.

THE WORLD is only on the threshhold of the curative approach to crime. But in a good many places, including some American states, the Scandinavian nations and Britain, important pioneer experiments in "healing" have been launched. Probably the most daring of all of them is being undertaken here in the Dutch university town of Utrecht.

It is only two years since Professor Pieter Baan, a brilliant young Dutchman who is a qualified jurist besides being a doctor and psychiatrist, persuaded the Dutch government to support him in launching a new-style "clinic." He chose for it a site in the middle of Utrecht. Obviously, as he agrees, an isolated rural location would have been preferable on many grounds for a virtually open institution which houses serious offenders. But he points out that first-rate psychiatrists in sufficient numbers cannot be induced to live and work in the countryside. And first-rate psychiatric treatment is the basis of the Utrecht experiment. In Professor Baan's clinic—named after Van der Hoeven, a leader of Dutch psychiatry—the seventy-odd offenders receive an intensity of psychotherapeutic or psychoanalytic treatment that compares with that offered by the most heavily-endowed and expensive of private institutions anywhere in the world. Each of them faces a psychoanalyst or sits in a psychotherapy group at least four or five days a week. On the staff are six psychiatrists, four psychologists and ten experienced social workers.

THE group-therapy sessions at the Van der Hoeven Clinic are led by two members of the staff: a psychiatrist and a psychologist. This unusual double leadership is held to have three advantages: it makes possible discussion between the two staff members who are concerned with the difficult problems of running such a group; it ensures continuity in case one leader is absent; and it spreads and mitigates the psychological dependence of the patients on a leader which tends to develop during this process of delving down into the roots of mental trouble. In a few cases where patients have had great difficulty in bringing to the surface their past experiences, the drug pentothal has been used to supplement psychoanalysis or group psychotherapy.

The inmates of the clinic are among the most difficult and mentally deformed offenders from Holland's prisons. At present there are eight murderers among them, some of whom have committed crimes which in America would have earned for them the appellation "monster" and who, in abolition states, would almost certainly have had little hope of ever re-emerging from behind prison walls. One strangled a ten-year-old girl; another shot his homosexual partner in a quarrel. Included also are psychopathic personalities who during the German occupation acted as concentration-camp guards for the Nazi SS and committed atrocities against fellow Dutchmen.

ONE presupposition exists for the "healing" work being carried on at the clinic. All cases sent there have agreed to undergo treatment. They all come from prisons where they have served parts of a sentence. This progression is based on Dutch legislation covering the psychopathic or abnormal offender. He is regarded as "partly responsible" for his offenses, though to some extent also as a sick man. Hence his sentence is a mixed one, compounded of punishment and treatment. Leading Dutch penologists, believing that prison rarely does anything but deform the personality, would prefer to see abnormal offenders sent straight to the treatment centers.

The borderline between punishing and healing has been completely crossed at the Utrecht clinic. All traces of the vindictive and pain-inflicting concepts associated with punishment have been abandoned. The clinic operates under the Ministry of Justice, but there is no hard discipline, no prison rules and regulations. The visitor can hardly imagine that he is among criminals. I first visited the female wing, where about a dozen women of various ages were under treatment. Several of them were sitting in deck-chairs on the lawn, in summer frocks (no prison clothes are worn). In the male part of the clinic, most of the patients were at work in the cobbler's shop or at carpentry; a few were reading in an attractive recreation room; some were drawing or sketching in a sort of studio; and one young man was playing a piano composition of his own to a group of his fellow-

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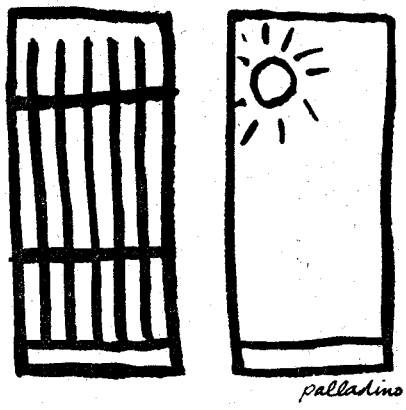
inmates. The men and women remain in their separate wings, but they associate at dances and on other social occasions which take place every few weeks.

At present a high proportion of the inmates are working in the town. I met several of them bicycling back from their work. One is in a stone-factory, another works in a tailoring establishment; some are masons, painters, carpenters and insurance clerks. One man is allowed to practice organ-playing in Utrecht Cathedral. The women are fairly well occupied with domestic jobs. Decisions as to whether or not a patient shall be permitted to work outside are taken by Professor Baan himself. He too bears the responsibility for allowing inmates to go out into the town in their leisure time—to theatres, cinemas or concerts. This is authorized as often as possible; and permission is also granted by the Ministry of Justice in suitable cases for leave to be spent away from the clinic with relatives or friends. The inmate's correspondence is normally never opened except at the beginning of his or her period of treatment at the clinic.

BEFORE arriving at decisions affecting the inmates either collectively or individually, the clinic staff frequently obtain the views of the patients. Part of the therapy used on these abnormal people is the conferment of responsibility, the stimulation of constructive activity, the activation of the social and judicial faculties. This is being ingeniously—and in part successfully—attempted by consultation, by the functioning of a kind of Joint Council system. As Professor Baan put it to me: "We believe here in Montesquieu's 'division of powers'."

A "parliament" composed of all the clinic inhabitants, patients as well as staff, meets and debates once a week. An advisory executive board, made up of three members of the staff and seven patients—chosen by secret ballot—has a considerable voice in the day-to-day administration. A small "court of justice," made up of three patients and two members of the staff, sits in judgment on inmates who offend during their time in the clinic. For example, escapers are brought before this "tribunal." The Joint Executive Council, on the other hand, provides the chance for the staff to consult the patients' representatives before something has gone wrong. For instance, the question of whether a patient should be allowed to go out alone into the town may be discussed by the Joint Executive; so may problems of specially difficult inmates who are often able more effectively to explain themselves to the staff through their chosen representatives.

WHAT about the possibilities of escape? Well, these are obviously great in the case of inmates who walk or bicycle to work in the town or who get leave. Even those who cannot yet be trusted to go alone could, without great difficulty, slip away. Although the clinic is not



completely "open," any effect of incarceration has been deliberately shunned in its construction and management. The low wall on the inside—about eight feet high—is easily scalable; and there are no bars to the reinforced-glass windows. The windows cannot normally be opened more than seven inches; but here again responsibility rests on inmates themselves, because certain trusted patients have keys with which the windows can be opened further. Professor Baan belongs to the school of penologists which holds that high walls and iron bars are an incentive to escape, as well as a source of deformation of the prisoner's mind and personality.

There have been escapes from the clinic, but in every case re-arrest or voluntary return has followed; and no serious offense has been committed by any escaped inmate. The staff has been encouraged by the high proportion of escapers who come back of their own volition. Many of the inmates are apparently conscious that they need the therapy. This has been confirmed within the clinic itself, where prisoners sometimes concur with the doctor's decision not to allow them to go out alone.

The status of the prisoner or patient under treatment is that he or she is serving an "indeterminate sentence" or "is at the disposal of the Government." The responsibility for deciding when a man or a woman is safe for release, either on parole or unconditionally, rests with the Dutch Minister of Justice. He acts, normally, on the advice of the clinic staff; but in exceptional cases, he consults a Commission of Advice consisting of a professor of psychiatry, a professor of criminology, a psychiatrist and an official of the Department of Justice.

FOR A visitor to the Van der Hoeven Clinic the completely relaxed and almost gay atmosphere of the place is extremely impressive. It may also be a little deceptive, for—as the staff there emphasizes—plenty of tensions exist among these unstable and abnormal people, and crises can and do blow up suddenly. But external conditions as near as possible to normality are the consistent aim of the staff. And indeed the casual visitor has the feeling that he is in an up-to-date youth hostel. It is hard for him to avoid the conclusion that in such a favorable human and material environment, with so much skilled attention always at hand for each individual, the chance of restoring warped people to normality is very considerable.

It is still early to assess the results of the experiment in Utrecht, because it was launched only two years ago. But the signs are good. Six offenders so far released as safe have settled down satisfactorily in society, holding constructive jobs.

What immediately occurs to the visitor is the high cost of such a treatment center. The clinic is in-

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deed an expensive institution. Every patient costs the state $7.00 for each day of treatment, with something recouped by inmates who contribute to their upkeep out of earnings.

But if the new Utrecht experiment can be shown over a period to achieve consistent results it should prove a most economic venture. A short time ago Professor Baan investigated the cost to society of a confirmed offender who had spent about thirty years of his life in prison. The actual expenditure on keeping this man in confinement had been about $28,000. And this left out of account the material damage he had caused by his depredations and the sorrow and unhappiness he had brought about. The professor is convinced that if offenders could, early enough, receive such treatment as is provided at the clinic, many of them could be cured perhaps within three years at a total cost of about $8,400.

Doctrine for Mideast Disaster . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

AS THE DUST of battle clears and we start adding up the debits and credits of the Suez war, some queer and disturbing perspectives open out. Suez, we are now beginning to see, was a defeat for the United States, as well as for England and France—not, of course, a defeat in terms of military power, but a defeat in the battle of ideas which goes so much deeper and in the end is decisive. And since it is going to be of fundamental importance to know whether this paradoxical defeat is final and irretrievable, it is high time to look back and analyze what has happened.

The decisive month was December, 1956. No one whose business it is to follow the prevailing atmosphere of world opinion can doubt that the last six weeks have witnessed a startling change in tone and temper, from moderate optimism to pessimism and disillusionment. And there can be no doubt either that this change of atmosphere has reflected, step by step, the shifts and expedients of American policy. Outside of Paris and London where the old guard (Labor as much as Conservative) bleated in pained unison for a return to the good old days, the prevalent mood at the beginning of December was expectation. The bombs at Suez, people thought, had destroyed a system as well as a few thousand creatures made in God's image: at least there could be no return to the rigid stratification in which ten years of cold war had embedded mankind's fossilized hopes. By exposing the ugly skeletons in the Western cupboard, England and France had forced the United States to reformulate the whole basis of American policy.

FOR A TIME American attitudes fostered this belief. When Governor Herter was nominated as Under-Secretary of State, the world believed, with the Washington *Post*, that "obeisance to the extreme conservatives" was ending and "a new and bolder leadership emerging." When Mr. Nehru visited Washington the world heaved a sigh of relief: was not this the clearest sign of a new alignment? Around the middle of the month numerous reports spoke of "far-ranging debates" within the Eisenhower Administration over the whole field of American policy. The United States was ready for an arms cut with controls; it was ready to explore Russian suggestions for a neutralization of Central Europe; the objectives of the foreign-aid program were being re-thought with less emphasis on anti-Russian maneuvering and new awareness of the disadvantages of "strings." Washington, it seemed, was at last awakening to the reality that the world contained other forces besides the two colossuses locked immovably in a deathly clinch.

What happened to destroy so suddenly this illusion of ferment and "unfreezing" in American policy? Was it simply the return of Mr. Dulles? In any case, no sooner had Mr. Nehru left the United States than the Eisenhower plan was announced. The theory of the "power vacuum" on which it was based was directly contradictory to Mr. Nehru's expressed views; and the whole uncommitted world of Asia and Africa saw in the plan a rebuff to India. In England it was welcomed by those whose desire was to involve the United States, no matter how, in the belief that, once involved, it would be forced to pick a few badly charred Anglo-French chestnuts out of the Suez fire. Elsewhere the most charitable adjective used was "ham-handed"; and a French Middle East expert expressed the view that, if Washington had not thought of the Eisenhower Doctrine, Russia would have had to invent it. In the Middle East only those states already tarred with the British brush reacted favorably. The odds were that the rest, confronted abruptly by an unwelcome choice, would inevitably gravitate towards the Russian axis.

The world-wide disillusionment that followed the enunciation of the Eisenhower plan was due, however, not merely to its tactical shortcomings in the sense that it was likely to produce results the very opposite of those intended. It was due, above all else, to the revelation that American policy was, after all, still blind to the realities of the post-Suez world. When Mr. Nixon proclaimed that the outcome would "be finally determined by what happens to the millions of people now neutral who are trying to decide whether they will align themselves with the Communist nations or with the free na-

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tions," the mental paralysis of Washington was obvious. For everyone knew that the basic preoccupation of the millions concerned was not with which side they would align themselves, but how to avoid alignment with either. Since this is the distinctive feature of the international situation in 1957, failure not merely to see it, but still more to make it a plank in American policy, is the reason why Suez was a defeat for America, as well as for England and France. The United States may not have lost the war, but it is losing the peace because it has not learned the lessons the war taught.

What made the situation worse was that, in Europe, the Hungarian tragedy produced the same negative reactions. To many observers Russia's intervention in Hungary was an act of perplexity and desperation, unwillingly undertaken to bolster a crumbling system. In the State Department, on the contrary, it seems to have been evaluated as a sign that the Russian attitude was hardening, and consequently that it was no time to negotiate a mutual withdrawal of forces as a first stage towards relaxation of tension. The reassertion by force of the Russian position in Hungary was linked with exaggerated reports of Russian penetration in Syria to create a picture of renewed Communist pressure as the dominant factor to which American policy must be adjusted. The result, in Mr. Nehru's words, has been a return to "the concept of the cold war in its most intense form," a reversal of the trends of the last two years. If pursued further, this line is calculated to make Soviet policy more inflexible in all aspects of its relations with the Western world.

It would be an error to exaggerate the defects in United States policy which the past month has revealed. If we cast our minds back only four years to the start of President Eisenhower's first term, when the theme was "massive retaliation," "rolling back communism" and "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," the change of ground is unmistakable. Furthermore, though it would seem that in the debates between progressives and conservatives in the Eisenhower Administration, the former suffered a severe defeat in mid-December, it is equally certain that they are fighting back and that the possibility of directing United States policy on to more imaginative lines is not dead. The more serious question about this struggle within the Administration, over which (according to well-informed sources) the government is deeply split, is whether the issues at stake are rightly defined in terms of the world situation of 1957. If a more imaginative and liberal policy means simply greater sympathy for England and France and their NATO allies, and conservatism is closely aligned with isolationism—and those are the terms in which the issues are usually defined in Europe—then the deadlock will be final and defeat assured. For those are issues of the past, not of the present, and the imaginative re-thinking required is of another caliber. It is not too late to undertake it, but it is not too soon.

IF AMERICAN policy is to recover the ground lost since last December, there are three fundamental requirements to be fulfilled. The first is that Washington must realize that the peoples of Asia and Africa are much more interested in nationalism and in the betterment of their own position (and that not simply in terms of economic improvement) than in the ideological struggle between communism and Western democracy. At present the United States is speaking a language which the Afro-Asians do not understand. Secondly, there will be no progress without a more realistic appreciation of the Russian position; and here again American official thought is befogged by thick layers of ideological presupposition. Russian interest in the Middle East, for example, is a fact which no one will minimize; but the State Department seems to forget the equally important fact that the Middle East lies, as Mr. Nehru has emphasized, at Russia's doorstep. Consequently it would be as logical to expect the Kremlin to be disinterested in what goes on in Iran or Egypt as it would be to expect the White House to wash its hands of Mexico or Panama. To treat every Russian move in this area with suspicion as part of a deep-laid plot for imperialist expansion not only implies misjudgment of plain geo-political facts, but also creates an atmosphere of conflict which renders it impossible to test out Russian initiatives in other spheres (e.g. disarmament) at their face value. In any case, the people of the Middle East will not thank the United States if it acts as though their territory were merely a *cordon sanitaire*.

Finally, America is committed, since Suez, to the United Nations, and this commitment, which it voluntarily undertook and which was not forced upon it, cannot for the future be left out of account in the formulation of American policy. America is no longer free to use U.N. when it suits its purposes and to disregard it otherwise. More specifically, it can no longer oppose the Afro-Asian peoples, whose balance of power in the United Nations Assembly is now a fact, without disrupting American U.N. policy. And yet this is what the Eisenhower Doctrine, despite the reservations which hedge it about, envisages in the last analysis. No one, it is true, can stop the State Department if it persists in this path; but where will U. S. policy be then? What will be left save naked power in a world of power-politics? Britain has been taught, by its defeat, that it cannot "go it alone." America has to learn that, by an act of its own free choice and volition at the time of the Suez crisis, it cannot "go it alone" either. It has to learn that alleged American "interests" (which, incidentally, are not always self-evidently to America's advantage) no longer afford a sound basis of policy, and that America's role in world affairs demands a larger view. Above all, it has to learn to accept loyally the views of the majority, to which it has committed itself, even when they do not tally—as in the case of the Eisenhower Doctrine they do not tally—with those of the Administration. It has to learn that the world includes 1,000 million Asians and Africans, with minds of their own, who will be governed neither by 168 million Americans nor 220 million Russians, nor accept their ideas from either. A policy adapted to these realities can still achieve results.

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OL' MASSA JIM EASTLAND . . *by Charles J. Lapidary*

Doddsville, Miss.

THE BEST of them look like they might survive this winter, and the worst of them look like they didn't survive last winter. These shacks contain sixty Negro sharecroppers and their families. During the day they work for a man they call "Mr. Jim"; and at night they turn on their only contact with the world beyond the plantation, and listen to Morgan Beatty and the eleven o'clock news. In this way they hear about the versatility of Mr. Jim, who, as Senator James O. Eastland, is Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and traveling salesman for the Citizens Councils.

There is a one-lane bridge over the Sunflower River that leads directly to the Senator's plantation in the Mississippi Delta. And for a long time Delta folk have been saying that "law never crosses that bridge." The life of the Negro on the plantation makes it clear that there is no basic difference between the slavery of a hundred years ago and today's sharecropping for the Senator.

With the help of their radios, these sharecroppers are politically conscious and well-informed. But they cannot vote because some are unable to meet the voting requirements (to read and write, and to interpret the Constitution) and the others have heard about a few of the less constructive projects of the Citizens Councils in nearby Belzoni and Yazoo City, where—as one sharecropper put it—"they done 'em bad when they tried to vote." So the sharecroppers find it necessary to limit their political activity to watching Senator Eastland and Mr. W. J. Godbold, the general manager, on their regular inspection tours through the plantation.

From March to August, the sharecroppers live off their "furnish." This is an allotment that comes to about $40 a month for a family of four. Cotton-picking time begins at the end of August, and for the next four months the whole family works in the field from dawn to dusk. This includes the children who are "big enough" (that is, six years old); those who work never get to school. By the end of December the family, with luck, will have picked twenty bales which together weigh at least ten thousand pounds after ginning. For each bale over five hundred pounds, the sharecropper receives a $10 check (to be cashed at the Eastland store). In other words, the members of a family of four working at least twelve hours a day cannot expect to earn more than three cents an hour.

FINALLY, "settling time" arrives at the end of December. This means that Mr. G. S. Riddell, the bookkeeper, begins balancing the total value of the crop against the debt accrued by the sharecropper. This debt is broken down into three main sections: the amount of the "furnish" from the preceding spring; the cost of items charged at the store; and the cost of the services (including fertilizer and electricity) which have been supplied during the year by the plantation. Once the bookwork is finished, some of the sharecroppers will be told that they owe the plantation money and another few will receive as much as $500. But most can expect to receive about $200, which must last through the winter and into March when the new furnishes become available. The settling-time allotment is deliberately inadequate so that the sharecroppers will be compelled to take advantage of a loan that is provided by the plantation just after the settlement has been completed. This loan becomes the basic ingredient of the peonage system, since the sharecropper cannot repay it until the following year at settling time. All of this is made particularly awkward by the refusal of the bookkeeper to let the sharecroppers look at his record of their accounts.

The Mississippi State Penitentiary is at Parchman, less than twenty miles from the plantation. Many men who have been sentenced to Parchman have served time at the plantation instead. And the two assistant managers—Clyde Rutledge and J. T. Jones—who work for the Senator are referred to as "riders" by the sharecroppers. At Parchman a rider is the man who makes certain that the prisoners do at least as much work as they should. Two years ago two sharecroppers who tried to run away from the plantation were caught and gun-whipped by Messrs. Rutledge and Jones.

THE SUREST way of telling where the dirt road ends and the sharecropper's shack begins is to remember that they are separated by the coal pile that is always there during the winter. For coal-burning stoves are the only source of heat. There is not usually more than one stove per shack, but this is enough to keep warm the sitting room as well as the bedrooms of the children and the parents, for one room invariably serves in these three capacities. Management is supposed to take care of maintenance, but usually doesn't bother. The wallpaper fades off into the plaster and the linoleum wears off into the planks of the floor. And the most likely place to look for sections of roofing is not necessarily the roof.

The shacks are, of course, without any kind of plumbing and only the generosity of the Rural Electrification Administration makes it possible for them to have electricity.

In the middle of the plantation—and in appropriate contrast to the rest of it—is a group of five prosperous-looking white homes. The only hard-top road in the area runs between them and they are surrounded by equally-scarce lawns. The triumvirate live on one side of the road: Mr. Riddell, the bookkeeper; Mr. Godbold, the general manager; and Mr. Jim, the planter. The homes of assistant manager Jones and the Senator's mother are on the opposite side of the road. Of the five houses, the ones containing the Eastlands are by far the largest and come about as close to being Victorian as anything in Doddsville ever could.

CHARLES J. LAPIDARY is a free-*lance writer.*

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Cracks in the Monolith

RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN. By Edward Crankshaw. The Viking Press. $3.75.

THE BIG THAW. By C. L. Sulzberger. Harper & Bros. $4.

THE SOVIET UNION AFTER STALIN. By Helene and Pierre Lazareff. Philosophical Library. $6.

KHRUSHCHEV AND STALIN'S GHOST. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Praeger. $3.95.

THE ANTI-STALIN CAMPAIGN AND INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM. Edited by the Russian Institute. Columbia University Press. $7.75.

By Mark Gayn

EVERYTHING—or nearly everything—must have seemed rosy the night Nikita Khrushchev rose before the Twentieth Party Congress to denounce the ghost of Stalin. Yet, with the aid of hindsight, it is now plain that the Soviet bloc was already in the grip of a major crisis, and that this crisis was bound to grow in the year that followed. After the Kremlin speech came Poznan and Gomulka, the tragedy in Hungary, the renewed break with Tito, the turmoil in the Communist movement, the desperate pleas for unity, and the unmistakable reversion to "cold war" policies and accents. It is obvious that the Soviet leaders, however astute they may be on occasion, could see the shadow of the crisis less clearly than some of the Western observers.

Among such observers, few are abler than Cyrus Sulzberger and Edward Crankshaw, and it took a combination of ill luck and the time lag needed for the publication of a book to catch them pre-occupied with The Big Thaw at a moment when it had already given place to an early freeze-up. Yet, it would be a pity if their books were ignored for this reason, because what the two authors are primarily concerned with is not political climate but the constants of Soviet life, behavior and policy. Mr. Crankshaw seeks the roots of Soviet foreign policy in the domestic developments. Mr. Sulzberger is interested mainly in the impact of Moscow's policy on other nations, and in the interplay of Soviet and American policies. Each in his field provides a good harvest of ideas.

Quite properly, Mr. Crankshaw focuses his attention on Moscow's effort to create a modern economy, and he does so with uncommon sobriety. The effort, he feels, is patchy, but "the industrial revolution of the Soviet Union is now passing out of the era of slave labor and barracks factories . . . It is not that the new Soviet leadership has discovered that the machine is not enough; it has discovered that the machine cannot be worked efficiently by a depressed proletariat."

For there is more to the industrial revolution than just economics; it is also changing the pattern of society and leadership. Thus, in considering "the old stale names" of Soviet leaders, Mr. Crankshaw suggests that these men are now being subjected to irresistable pressures from the "phalanxes of young men, with names unknown in the West"—"the highly capable Party chieftains, virtual governors of areas the size of Germany; the great industrialists, who control the huge trusts and are individually responsible for turning out each year more steel, more coal, more oil . . . than the combined tycoons of Western Europe; the great soldiers who command the largest standing army in the history of the world; and behind them, rank on rank of brilliantly accomplished assistants—administrators, engineers, professional men of all kinds. . . ." These men, Mr. Crankshaw believes, think in terms not of world revolution but of making the Soviet Union into a prosperous and worthy country. Yet they are Communists, convinced of their eventual triumph over the capitalist system.

In portraying the new Soviet society, Mr. Crankshaw deals with its many aberrations—the influence peddlers, who make their American counterparts seem puny; the all-embracing black market; the colossal drinking and hooliganism; and the new aristocracy, propertied, proud and often corrupt. Mr. Crankshaw is not the first to depict this seamy and significant feature of Soviet life—Helene and Pierre Lazareff, the French journalists, had reported much the same facts after a trip taken two years earlier—but he buttresses his account with some choice items from the Soviet press.

Where does all this lead the Soviet Union? Russia, Mr. Crankshaw thinks, "will always be Socialist in some shape or form, but not necessarily in the Marxist form. . . . Russia will always be messianic, seeking to convert the world to its own way of thought. . . . [It] will always be a problem. The celerity and the virtuosity with which its leaders, having assured themselves at Geneva that they need not fear atomic aggression from the West, turned to the exploitation in their own immediate interests of a dangerous situation in the Middle East gives the measure of that." One might take exception to some, or even all, of these deductions. One may regret some of Mr. Crankshaw's bizarre generalizations about the Russian people. But one must also be grateful to him for re-emphasizing the economic and social constants in the Soviet Union. For no Western policy can endure unless it is based on an understanding of all the implications of the Soviet industrial revolution.

MR. SULZBERGER (whose book is a compilation of his articles in The New York *Times*) shows a greater awareness than Mr. Crankshaw of the crisis facing Moscow. He has obviously given much close

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thought to the celebrated Khrushchev speech, to the nature of Tito's differences with the Soviets, and to the early stirrings in the satellite world, and this enables him to anticipate some of the recent events. He is, for instance, aware of the dangers that Khrushchev's yen for reform presented to the old machinery of Communist control, and of the difficulty of arresting the reformist process once it is begun. "The dilemma between Soviet world ideology and Russian national interest," he argues, "continues to exist. Stalin had solved this with ruthless simplicity by amalgamating the two currents, by proclaiming they were actually the same. . . . Khrushchev modified this conception—but only where it suits him. For, at least in parts of Eastern Europe, Stalinist methods are likely to prevail."

MR. SULZBERGER'S most notable conclusion is that the greatest threat to Soviet supremacy lies in Titoism, for it promises the satellite peoples "liberty of political as distinct from ideological action." Just how correct Mr. Sulzberger is has been demonstrated in recent weeks by the angry anti-Titoist chorus that ranged from Moscow to Prague to Paris to Peking. And if this were not enough, Mr. Sulzberger has been denounced by name at the latest Czech party congress by the ranking leader, Novotny. In his book, Mr. Sulzberger strongly attacks the State Department for not seeking attainable goals such as Titoism—in its satellite policy.

N evelopment today—not even the iggle for the Near East—is as rtant as the crisis now shaking Soviet bloc. The crisis long an s Khrushchev's speech (and M lfe's analysis of the address a n more, the documents com- the Russian Institute of I a University, should be ry reading for anyone seek- understand the nature of s troubles). The frantic r Communist unity is a of the gravity of this crisis. n convinced, the hastily re- d unity can only patch up the obvious cracks; it can- t the forces of disruption.

9, 1957

The Sky Is Blue

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Ira Progoff. Julian Press. $4.

By Gerald Sykes

THIS IS a welcome if disturbing addition to the growing movement towards comparative psychology. Some years ago comparative religion was pointing the way to liberation from ancestral prejudice; now, when we quarrel as pugnaciously over Freud vs. Jung as we once did over transubstantiation, we need a similar sense of parallel experience, of common humanity, to de-provincialize us again.

Theoretically, more and more psychologists are agreed on this, and in practice they use increasingly eclectic methods—because true healing must be as supple as nature herself. Doctrinal rigidity may be a sop to the practitioner's laziness, but it doesn't help the patient. And so more books are attempting to synthesize several schools. Patrick Mullahy's *Oedipus: Myth and Complex* is an example; it has gone into the paperbacks.

Intellectually, then, the public is ready for comparative psychology. Making it available, however, making it real, is not just an intellectual act. The different schools of psychology were created by men, and men of subtly varying backgrounds, temperaments, epochs. A master novelist, with a rare sense of history, ideas and character, might weave their stories together. He might also weave together their often completely opposed attitudes toward life, as well as face all the problems they faced. Such capacities plainly do not happen every day.

Dr. Progoff has attempted nothing so difficult. As his title implies, he takes a progressivistic view of his subject. Psychology, having moved past the outgrown theories of Freud, past the obsolescent improvements of Adler and Jung, has at last, with the particular help of Otto Rank, who in his later years wrote a book called *Beyond Psychology*, begun to cancel itself out. But, "while the old analytical psychology verges on death, a new psychology is coming to birth in its very midst, transmuting the old insights and using psy-

GERALD SYKES, novelist and critic, is the author of The Nice American, The Center of the Stage *and* The Children of Light.

The Reservoir

I see morning, level and shining there
And ringed by pines, shadow-braced
To receive the descent of birds.

When they rise, glittering,
The water falls from their wings
And the pond lies biting its borders of snow.

Then I face the flat shine of my 'cannot'
Brinking the round pool
And the events of a cold day.

And tho it is only a season, like snow,
When the pines blur in the icy water
And ice grows inward,
No wings ripple the surface of my will;
My will lies frozen as the stony pond.

Then I remember how snow melts and melts slowly
And mossy wells wait under winter.

I see the pond ringed by pines
Where birds drink at the stony outlets,
And I invent a thirst for the live waters.

Slowly, slowly I consider the morning
Where birds glitter and rise.

LUCILE ADLER

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chological tools to rebuild the modern spirit. The new psychology brings a conception of personality that nourishes and strengthens man's creative will. Finally, it frees us from the chronic pessimism of the age of anxiety out of which we are now emerging."

THIS is not synthesis, this is sales talk. The age of anxiety is almost over, and all the work of those old men in Vienna and Zurich has at last been hopefully condensed into one "creative" treatment. The toughness of four fairly rugged minds has been systematically drained off. Freud has been "transmuted" into mere pioneerage, and Rank's despair in his later years is conveniently played down. The author attempts no concrete application of the psychologists' ideas to the difficulties we encounter wherever we look—in politics, art, education, in mere living. Cheerfulness has rarely been worse timed.

The book, however, has been praised by able critics. I think the explanation lies in its quiet jettisoning of all difficult "materialistic" problems. It speaks of "the fundamentally spiritual nature of man," and says, "Depth psychology . . . will finally establish its position . . . in the foreseeable future . . . by validating the very opposite of the materialistic view of life." That is the tip-off. The critics assumed Progoff was including our "materialistic" headaches; actually he was throwing them overboard, to have a neat all-"spiritual" ship. Together with clever if slanted portraits of the four psychologists, this gives his book a hypnotic eloquence. It would wilt, however, the minute it entered any mental clinic—or for that matter, any home. If the problems faced by the four psychologists were of a kind to be so quickly superseded, their role would indeed be the merely preparatory one that Progoff concedes them. Actually, those problems have not only persisted, they have grown more complex with time, as the later writings of these men and the experience of our own time bear witness. "Rebirth" is a serious idea; it can also be a gimmick.

Life on a Pyramid

A SURFEIT OF HONEY. By Russell Lynes. Harper. $3.

By Michael D. Reagan

PROSPERITY is the opiate of the people in America of the fifties. Postwar wealth has dulled our sense of political conflicts, given us a new white collar class ill-equipped emotionally to survive an economic downturn, and brought us status anxieties which we attempt to relieve on the analyst's couch or, more recently, with drugs. We have created such widespread material well-being that it is not solvency that matters, but the "appearance of luxury—the command over the fruits of other people's labor." This, says Russell Lynes, is our *Surfeit of Honey*.

Paradoxically, he also suggests that the goal of financial success has been replaced among college youth and young executives by the ideal of "well-roundedness," a type of social adjustment similar to William H. Whyte's Social Ethic in *Organization Man*. Faith in money, Lynes holds, was destroyed by the depression and success now means leisure time: for husband and wife to putter together, to play with the children, to have neighbors in and to participate in community activities approved by their peers. Hard work, outstanding achievement, risking one's position by espousing unpopular views, getting "burned up" over social issues—these are all to be avoided, for they endanger one's leisure time.

ONE would never guess from Mr. Lynes's comments that the prosperity and leisure he describes are less than universal. That the bottom fifth of the nation has not benefited from the widely discussed but largely unproven income redistribution of the New Deal, or that an apparently increasing number of wage earners is finding it must invest its "leisure" in a second job, are considerations that never come into his picture of the college bred, upper income level.

The most astonishing of Lynes's often acute and always entertaining observations is the assertion that the traditional class system has vanished. The evidence for this lies in the modern American's almost unanimous identification of himself with the middle class. But this makes sense only if one ignores all other indices of social class, such as the determination of voting patterns by income levels or the continuing hostility of high status college students toward labor unions. Lynes points out that, while Roosevelt was called a traitor to his class, no such epithet has been pinned on Harriman or Stevenson. He cites this as proof of the new classlessness, but there are at least two alternate explanations. Perhaps we are simply less frank than twenty years ago, more under the spell of the liberal rhetoric. Or it could be that the Harriman-Stevenson brand of class treachery is so exceedingly mild that it does not even provoke name calling from the corporate elite.

Instead of being a class structure, American society, says Lynes, is sliced vertically into a "series of almost free-standing pyramids, each with an aristocracy of its own." These hierarchies include entertainment, communications, labor, big business and intellectuals. Movement from the top of one pyramid to another is difficult; communication from structure to structure is poor. By ignoring the common values of an industrial, acquisitive culture which give effective if often unconscious unity to the pyramidal elites, the author builds up a picture of a loose and open society. A debate on this point between the authors of *Surfeit of Honey* and *The Power Elite* would be fun.

HAVING denied the horizontal planes of society, Lynes proceeds to describe a new social class, the Upper Bohemians, whose members do get about from pyramid to pyramid. As in his famed essay, "Highbrow, Lowbrow and Middlebrow," he is at his amusing best when defining the tell-tale marks of the species (marks shared in large part by Spectorsky's exurbanite). The Upper Bohemian is frequently in the communications industry, wears tweed jacket and slacks to the office, and sees things in the large. "A casual remark about a tomato is likely to end in a heated discussion of the comparative values of organic gardening." When he talks about h— doctor, it is probably his psychiatrist rather than his physician.

His function is to flout co stri for the purpose, "sometimes impo nd sometimes affected, of the ew ideas and bringing about the on of sham and flummery." tedate er Bohemian defines in r. Wo dom, his supreme value nd, eve that he goes overboard iled by he, like the simply pro Columbi the uncommitted. The nandato man, Whyte and now ng to toward the same frig Moscow' stagnation through lac pleas fo to any values not ea by-product of leisure. easure are attainable in this But, I ar nature of the new u iscovere then for the sake of some of it is not the only cl ot arres

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Tale of a Union

UNION HOUSE, UNION BAR. By Matthew Josephson. Random House. $5.

By Harvey O'Connor

THE AUTHOR of *Zola and His Time, Victor Hugo* and *The Robber Barons* first looked into unionism in *Sidney Hillman: Statesman of American Labor.* Perhaps it was then that Hugo Ernst, that dapper little dandy of a labor leader, born in Croatia of Jewish parents, a San Francisco waiter and, through no ambition of his own, president of the Hotel & Restaurant Employes International Alliance and Bartenders International League, decided that his union too needed a full-length biography. Ernst was an extraordinary labor man, and nothing shows it more than his inviting Matthew Josephson to take a long look into his union and report to the public. Official union histories are becoming common now, with the dirt swept under the rug and the organization brushed up neat and shining. But Ernst didn't want that kind of history. That little men with little ideas had filled big jobs, that racketeers had seized portions of the union, that craft jealousies had repeatedly blocked the union's growth, Ernst felt were all parts of the story. To him the big fact that would swallow up the little ones was that the culinary workers with 400,000 members, had grown to be the tenth largest union in the country, that dignity had been won by the men and women of the scullery, that the dishwasher and the chambermaid now strode with assurance among the other organized workers of the land.

As Josephson unfolds the story, it seems a miracle that this could have happened. Not that employers fought the union, for that is what unions thrive on. The wonder is that the union could have survived its own stupidities. In "the good old days," it was a pure and simple bartenders' union and not even a skilled chef was admitted to the select General Executive Board. A paragon of Gompers craftism, Secretary Jere L. Sullivan, ran the organization from a cubbyhole in Cincinnati, whence he emerged only to attend conventions. Whatever his faults, Sullivan was honest, and stubborn about maintaining the bare bones of an organization; but to him the hordes of immigrants, displacing honest Irish and Germans from the culinary trades, were scum to be avoided. He wanted quality and not quantity in his union, and achieved it. After the disaster of Prohibition, there was little left; when Roosevelt entered the White House there were some 20,000 members.

AS Josephson traces the story, the union of today is indebted to President Edward Flore, the Buffalo bartender who knew that craftism was outdated and gently elbowed Jere Sullivan to one side; and to the "Western Movement," centered in San Francisco cooks' and waiters' unions under the leadership of Hugo Ernst, which developed cohesiveness among the crafts and then opened the doors to the scullerymen and the chambermaids. Also the union is indebted to the New York industrial unionists who came out of the left wing Amalgamated Food Workers and the Food Workers Industrial Union. These had risen because the exclusive HRE cooks' and waiters' unions in the metropolis disdained to organize cafeterias, chain hotels and like phenomena of the Twentieth Century.

The story is worth telling and Josephson tells it well. There are villains as well as heroes (the Chicago barkeep, for example, who became the tool of the Capone Syndicate, ruled the Midwest union and nearly took control of the International). For an official history, *Union House, Union Bar* is an amazingly frank and honest job.

HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of The Empire of Oil, *was publicity director, Oil Workers International Union-CIO, 1945-48.*

Wear and Tear

THE STRESS OF LIFE. By Hans Selye. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.95.

By Ashley Montagu

FOR many years Dr. Hans Selye has been enriching the literature of physiological medicine with studies on the effects of stress upon the living organism. Apart from a few popular articles and lectures, he has not hitherto been concerned with the transmission of his theories and observations, and the conclusions to be drawn from them, to the layman. Since his views are not always correctly represented by his interpreters, and since his discoveries have led him to wish to be of help to all who may suffer from stress, a double motive caused him to prepare the present book. It is an extremely intense and personal book in which the personality of the writer is ever present—a most unusual style for a book written by a scientist, and all the more welcome for that reason. Dr. Selye, having been so much involved in the studies which he describes, takes the reader into his confidence and shows him how a scientist gets interested in a problem, how he goes about tackling it, and how often in the depths of his most disappointing findings a small light shines through which may grow into the great beacon of a discovery.

What the reader will learn from this book, as he will learn from no other, is how the stresses and strains of contemporary living work upon the human organism. The experimental and observational data are put before the reader in such a manner as to enable him to draw his own conclusions. Finally, Dr. Selye gives the reader some well-tested pointers on how best to handle the problems of stress. The book is profoundly interesting and valuable, but it is not one to which the reader should go hoping to find peace of mind without the necessity of using his mind.

ASHLEY MONTAGU is an anthropologist and social biologist whose latest book is The Bisocial Nature of Man.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ADVANCE interest in *Edge of the City* has centered on the circumstance that it shows a genuine friendship between two young men, one of whom is a Negro. What makes this noteworthy is that there is no particular reason for the man to be a Negro—it just happens that he is. Until now, Negroes have appeared in American films as servants or they have appeared as Negroes; never before to the best of my knowledge have they appeared simply as people. It therefore seems a little strange, and exhilarating, to see the four principals of this picture, a white couple and a Negro couple, going about together in an atmosphere of matter-of-fact equality.

Edge of the City makes no point of this new attitude, but obviously it is as deliberate as was the hiring of Jackie Robinson to play for Brooklyn. Robert Aurthur, who wrote the picture, and M.G.M. are consciously breaking through another tacit barrier and doing it with a good taste that is admirable. For that reason alone, the picture is worth seeing.

And that reason, plus some efficient direction and attractive acting is, I'm afraid, the principal reason. The story is another of those psychological machines that have become almost the dominant gimmick in mass fiction. A crazy mixed-up kid is befriended by a simple, well-adjusted extrovert with an

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innate genius for psychiatry. This untutored, jive-talking Freudian institutes a therapy that might well be the envy of the most-successful Park Avenue practitioners, and his patient is soon on the way to sound mental health. But then a terrible blow falls and the only way the now-convalescent neurotic can save himself is by an act of violence so shattering that it could easily unhinge the soundest mind. It makes a fine-looking entertainment—half weeping confession and half drag-down, knock-out brutality—but it doesn't make much sense. The number of New York dock workers capable of handling an extreme neurosis must be exceedingly small, and the spectacle of a skinny, guilt-ridden little fellow strangling a brawling bully twice his weight and strength is inherently implausible. It is, in fact, precisely the sort of thing that neurotics always dream of doing.

John Cassavetes, a newcomer, plays the sorry young man with a quiet persuasiveness that is a fine change from the howling and pounding currently in style for this role; Sidney Poitier, his therapeutic friend, is one of the best of the young Negro actors and he performs here with an absorbing contrast of exuberance and watchfulness. Martin Ritt has directed a taut, economical film set effectively on the streets and waterfront of New York. Everything, in fact, is convincing and interesting except the central drama. Stories these days are blended, streamlined and homogenized according to tested marketing principles; they are not written.

THE PICTURE which has been made of the life of Albert Schweitzer is less a biography than a brochure. This is not said to denigrate Dr. Schweitzer, who gives his almost matchless talents to the world with almost matchless generosity. But I went to the picture feeling that way and came from it with my views in no degree changed or enriched. Reenactions of Dr. Schweitzer's model childhood, a long series of still snapshots showing the youth growing into dedicated manhood, pictures of Dr. Schweitzer today being honored by neighbors in his native Alsatian village, playing the organ in the village church, returning to the African jungle hospital to be welcomed by his adoring staff and patients, reading mail from distant admirers, patting small animals and small children, retiring at night to his modest room—it is all exactly predictable (only the color photography is a good deal worse than one might expect).

Even "a day at the hospital" is curiously uninformative. One learns that whole families come and live there when one of their number is sick, that the natives are child-like and treated like children, that the simplest possible equipment is preferred as less likely to deteriorate in the tropics. But one is told nothing of the medical success of the hospital or of its effect upon the region it serves. And Dr. Schweitzer is shown as a fine musician, a devout Christian, a great healer—a missionary beyond compare. In short, a surpassingly good man; but what *sort* of man? The picture doesn't say.

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TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 10 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 10

THE BOING-BOING SHOW (CBS). The enchanting Gerald is one of the very few champions on TV of delicacy, taste and gentle humanity. (Color).

THE LARK (NBC: HALLMARK HALL OF FAME). TV version of Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Anouilh's interpretation of the Joan of Arc legend. Julie Harris from the Broadway production, with Boris Karloff, Eli Wallach and Basil Rathbone. (Color).

LA GRANDE BRETECHE (NBC OPERA COMPANY). World premiere of an opera by Stanley Hollingsworth, American pupil of Menotti, commissioned by NBC. Based on a Balzac short story. (Color).

OMNIBUS (ABC). Entire program will be devoted to a preview of *The Ballad of Baby Doe,* a musical drama opening on Broadway next Fall. First time a major stage show has been so displayed. Libretto by the late John LaTouche, score by Douglas Moore, produced by Michael Myerberg.

Thursday, February 14

THE COMEDIAN (CBS: PLAYHOUSE 90). Acid closeup of the backstage operations of a top TV star (these *Great Man* exposés are becoming a habit). Adapted by Rod Serling from a novel by Ernest Lehman. Mickey Rooney in the title role.

Saturday, February 16

EMMY AWARDS NOMINATIONS (NBC). Network devotes 90 minutes to the selection of five nominees in each of twenty-nine categories for which awards are given by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The March elections will be similarly ballyhooed.

THE LONE RANGER (CBS). Anniversary program celebrating twenty-four years of the solitary cowboy's adventures with Tonto, Silver and the dreadful Butch Cavendish. A.W.L.

LETTER from ROME

William Weaver

IT MUST be admitted that the Italian capital is particularly overwhelming when seen under a tourist's blue sky, with flowers blooming in the parks, the fountains cooling the June air. But the winter Rome, the Rome of the Romans, has its merits, too. When the last party of college girls has gone back to the classrooms, when October's last sunshine has turned into November rain, the city's grey streets take on a different life, the Romans seem more numerous, as if they had been in hiding, and the season begins. It is nearly Christmas before you are really aware of it: the Teatro dell'Opera opens its doors on December 26; the legitimate theatres, which in the fall are filled with brassy reviews and pseudo-American musicals, begin to present serious plays around the same time; and the annual mammoth art exhibits—some of which have originated in the provinces during the summer—move into the big galleries or the monster Palazzo delle Esposizioni in via Nazionale.

Naturally, the personality of each season is different, and the quality varies. The dominating art show last year was the jumbo Quadriennale, a

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catch-all round-up of contemporary Italian painting, which people talked about for months. This year the accent in painting seems to be on the seventeenth century, a period which—as far as Italian painting is concerned—has not been very popular with gallery-goers for a couple of generations. But two important shows here indicate a shift in taste, at least in the taste of the art historians who arrange these big exhibits. The first, and smaller, of these was a Pietro da Cortona show, originally held last summer in the little town of Cortona. When it moved to Rome, the show filled a number of rooms in the Palazzo Barberini, including the great hall where Pietro painted on the ceiling his magnificent fresco: "The Triumph of Divine Providence." Pietro cannot exactly be called a neglected master, but this carefully-arranged and excellently-mounted display of his work and his influence has undoubtedly reminded this generation of art lovers that he was a great master.

THE Pietro da Cortona show served as a rich *antipasto* to the almost indigestible exhibit called "The 1600's in Europe". This is a vast and vivid cross-section of that century, placing side by side such varied artists as Ribera, Vermeer, Zurburan, Rembrandt, and Poussin. Star of the show, from the public's point of view, is obviously Caravaggio, whose "Decapitation of John the Baptist," brought from Malta and cleaned by Rome's Instituto del Restauro, was seen by many enthusiasts for the first time. Not every picture in this huge show was beautiful, and not every artist was important, but the lasting impression was of a brilliant, various, wonderful century, and it was fascinating to see so many schools and countries and styles brought together under one roof three centuries after they had worked, scattered over a divided, quarreling continent.

Rome in the winter is a small city, so small that you are always running into people you know. The coffee bar in the Palazzo delle Esposizioni is constantly being repaired to by friends who have just met by chance in front of the Magnasco or a Ruysdael. And Roman theatres—especially on opening nights—are like small private clubs. Given the depressed state of Italian theatre, it is just as well that you can socialize a bit in the long entr'actes. Many plays have already come and gone this winter, but the only production of real interest is Luchino Visconti's version of Strindberg's *Miss Julie* (or *La Contessina Giulia,* as she has become here). Like all of Visconti's productions, this one is notable for its meticulous detail, its beautiful sets and costumes (designed by Visconti himself), and for the tense, exasperated atmosphere that this director always succeeds in generating, whether the play is *Uncle Vanya* or *Death of a Salesman.* It is also notable for the Julie of Lilla Brignone, one of Italy's leading actresses and one of the two or three good ones. Though Romans flock to the small Teatro delle Arti to see the play, they do not like it. Rome is still a provincial city and, what's more, a Papal one. Words like *merda* and *puttana* cause ladies to gasp and gentlemen to mutter; and the occasionally crude naturalism of the Strindberg text—especially the scene where Jean kills Julie's canary—causes every evening considerable outraged tittering and nervous giggles.

Of course, in nineteenth century opera anything is allowed, so when the Teatro dell' Opera began its season with Mascagni's *Iris,* whose second act is set in a brothel and whose third act takes place in a sewer, the public found nothing to criticize. For the past couple of years there has been an abortive movement afoot to create a Mascagni revival, inspired by the authentic revival of interest in Bellini and in hitherto unknown works of Rossini. Unfortunately, the more Mascagni one hears, the more one is convinced that the composer should have left it at *Cavalleria Rusticana.* The *Iris* production was devotedly conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni, an excellent conductor not well known outside this country, and well sung by Clara Petrella, a young dramatic soprano. But despite their efforts, the result was an evening of ponderous, turgid music, the typically overblown product of a small talent forced beyond its capacity.

EVERY week or so the Rome Opera has an opening night, so fortunately they were able to redeem themselves after *Iris* with an excellent edition of *Simon Boccanegra,* which proved that even minor Verdi is greater than almost anybody else, especially when directed with the brilliance and clarity that Gavazzeni brought to this performance. Tito Gobbi—recently returned from the Metropolitan—was at the top of his form in the title role, and Boris Christoff, an excellent Bulgarian basso more famous in Europe than in America, was also first-rate as Simon's implacable antagonist.

The season still has months to go, and they look promising: Lilla Brignone will revive a Pirandello play when her run in *Miss Julie* ends: Victoria de los Angeles is coming to sing *Manon,* and Prokofieff's *Angel of Fire* will be performed in Rome for the first time; the Pekin circus is due any minute. Rome is a provincial city, true; but it is also a cross-roads.

Coming February 23

WINTER BOOK NUMBER

Writers in San Francisco
by Kenneth Rexroth

Other essays, reviews, poetry, departments.

The Colosseum

Winged walls, ah majesty! sailing, gathering above me
Dust of ages, heaven's huge antagonist, boulders
Tier above tier, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing:

The walls have no echo; here root in crannies of darkness
Appian violets; the deepest sockets look farthest.
The arena is blind, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

Thunders now the applause of a vanished multitude,
But the walls have no echo, the grille, the network of passages
No tread, no tongue, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

The walls are moving: only our footsteps are still.
This husk is a fountain, a vision, a test of conscience
Arrested in stone, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

To die there would be to see it, not now but then.
Now the thronged arches are empty, invaded by azure.
It is the cry of man I hear, and the stones of Stephen
Fallen about him.

Vernon Watkins

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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

IGOR MARKEVITCH, making his first appearance in New York at a concert of the Symphony of the Air, played an unusual program in which he exhibited impressive intelligence and skill as a musician and remarkable technical efficiency as a conductor. He began with his own orchestration of parts of Bach's *Das musikalische Opfer;* continued with three early pieces by Verdi—the Introduction to *Joan of Arc,* the ballet music for the Paris production of the revised version of *Macbeth,* the Overture to *The Sicilian Vespers;* and ended with Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps.* Except for the superb concluding fugue the contrapuntal exercises of *Das musikalische Opfer* have never been interesting to me as pieces of music; but Markevitch created some interest this time with his fastidious instrumental coloring of the lines of counterpoint, and with the beautiful string and woodwind sonorities he obtained from the approximately forty players. Verdi's power is evident in the early pieces that Markevitch played; and it was made exciting by the tension and controlled power with which they were shaped, the hair-raising eruptions of the full orchestra in which one now heard the additional magnificence of the brass. As for the performance of the *Sacre,* a specialty of Markevitch, it turned out to be not only a clear, coherent and effective statement of the work but an impressive demonstration of his remarkable technical equipment as a conductor: I cannot recall ever having seen a left arm operate with such independence from the right in the simultaneous beating of conflicting metres.

The concert left still to be demonstated how Markevitch does with standard repertory; and concerning this I can report, on the one hand, that a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* with the Boston Symphony that I heard on the radio a year or two ago suffered from the traditional distortions; but, on the other hand, that Angel 35309 offers satisfying performances of Schubert's *Unfinished* and Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphonies with the National Orchestra of the French Radio. As against the robustness and intensity of Toscanini's treatment of the first and last movements of the Mendelssohn on RCA Victor LM-1851, Markevitch's has a greater lightness which is more suitable; but Toscanini's slower pacing is more effective in the second and third movements.

MORE beautiful playing by the Vienna Philharmonic under Schuricht is heard in another good performance of Schubert's *Unfinished* on London LL-1534. On the reverse side is Mozart's *Haffner* Symphony, its opening Allegro con spirito played without spirit and its final Presto a little sluggishly. The statement in the notes that this work is derived from the *Haffner* Serenade is incorrect.

The playing of the Berlin Philharmonic adds to one's pleasure from the leisurely and relaxed performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony conducted by Cluytens on Angel 35350.

London LL-1506 offers a good performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 by Solti and the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra; but I prefer Fricsay's older one on Decca 9519, even though it is less well reproduced, for the finer playing by the Berlin Philharmonic, and in particular by its superb solo horn in the second movement.

Solti conducts the Paris orchestra also in a good performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 on London LL-1507. Some of Tchaikovsky's beautiful melodic writing is heard in the first movement, but in a context of sonata-allegro manipulation and hubbub that is uninteresting; and the engaging second and third movements are followed by a finale whose reiteration of its chief theme gets to be wearisome. This performance is superior to that by Winograd and the Hamburg Philharmonia on MGM E-3433. There is beautiful playing by the Vienna Philharmonic again in the performance of Brahm's Fourth conducted by Kubelik on London LL-1485; but I don't like the changes of tempo in the passacagila finale and the unsteadiness in the earlier movements.

In his performance of Strauss's *Don Juan* with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra on London LL-1478 Knappertsbusch's deliberate tempo, though it costs the work the *brio* that Strauss prescribes, is one in which the music can be played with good effect. But where Strauss calls for an acceleration to the faster pace he prescribes for the Allegro giocoso section, Knappertsbusch instead slows down to a tempo which is clearly too slow for the character and effect of the music.

Epic LC-3290 offers an excellent performance of Stravinsky's 1919 *Firebird* Suite by van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Kodaly's *Hary Janos* Suite is on the reverse side; and I recommend instead Ansermet's performance of the entire Stravinsky score on the two sides of London LL-1272, which gives one the fine passages omitted by the suite.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

this religious element in the music. So do many white men, such as the jazz scholar Alvin Kershaw. The Reverend Mr. Kershaw's characterization of the music as "an act of worship . . . supporting whatever it says upon a faith in God," must surely be accepted as more authoritative than the opinions of stylish jazz reviewers on the subject.

In his fury over my emphasis on the religious element, Mr. Wilson neglects everything else: my treatment of the humor in the music; of its robust, earthy vitality; of the role played by Rousseauism in jazz criticism; of the effect of mass-man criteria on the development of jazz; of the parallel between the course of "serious" music and that of jazz; etc. As a consequence, Mr. Wilson gives a seriously distorted impression of the nature of the book.

WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

New York City

Dear Sirs: It is difficult to understand Mr. Grossman's annoyance at my emphasis on the religious element in his book. He calls the book *The Heart of Jazz* and, after stating that he plans to show that "New Orleans jazz contains Christian feeling and aspiration" (p. 43), offers it as his opinion that "the synthesis of this religious element with the music's robust vitality lies at the very heart of New Orleans jazz." From this, I assumed that he felt the religious element of primary importance.

As I pointed out in my review, there are important contributions by religion in jazz and if Mr. Grossman were not so determined to carry his thesis to a ridiculous and dogmatic extreme, I might have found myself in agreement with him much of the time. But who can take seriously someone who finds it "significant" that "the revival of traditional jazz and especially of New Orleans jazz in the forties coincided with an increase in religious interest and church attendance?" By the same reasoning, one might "prove" the religious nature of bop, which came to the surface and developed a fanatic following at precisely the same time. It is possible that the spiritual disturbances resulting from a world war might have had a great deal more to do with the increase in religious interest and church attendance at this time, but Mr. Grossman doesn't bother to mention this.

JOHN S. WILSON

Princeton, N. J.

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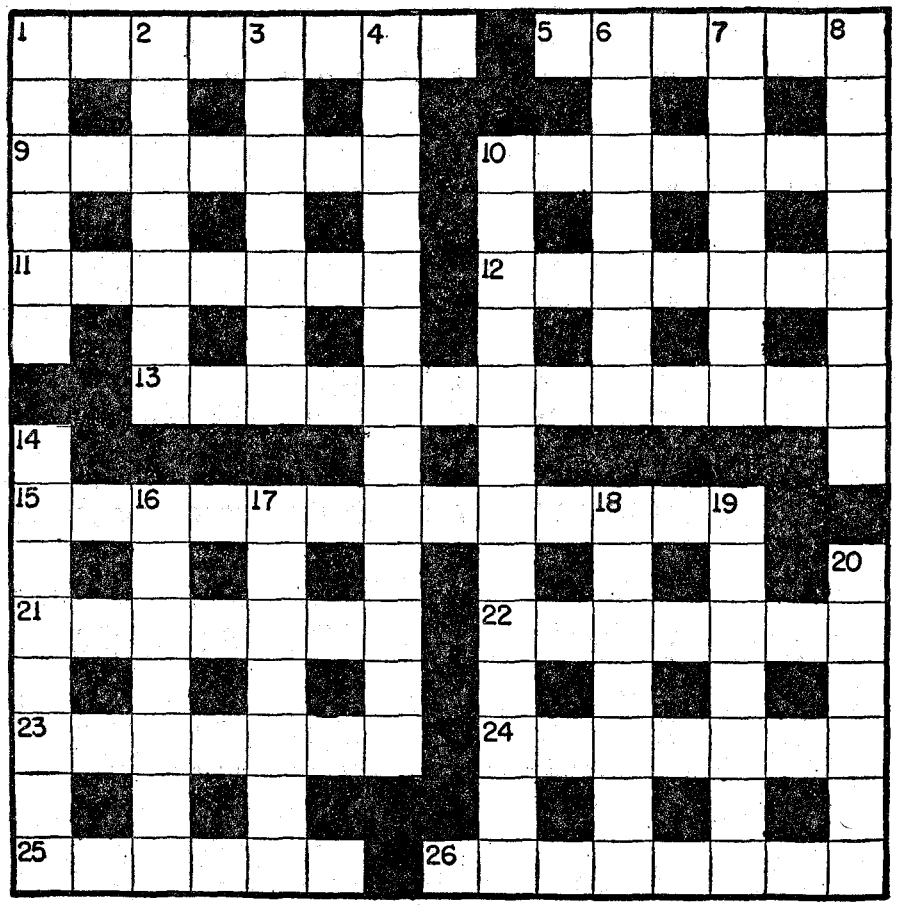
Crossword Puzzle No. 710

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It goes both ways in the Occident, which is most clever! (8)
5 One of those we sometimes need to make a short day finish. (6)
9 Back up a small measure in one for the composer. (7)
10 The home of a Utah ace. (7)
11 He was responsible for more than one novel way of putting tools in it backwards. (7)
12 Causing a rumor? On the contrary, I warble. (7)
13 Mute or otherwise in articulative efforts when mere trappings. (13)
15 Noah's grandparents, perhaps. (13)
21 Prospers. (7)
22 Almost inept, with a French body. (7)
23 Honors for fighting among the Communists? (7)
24 Just picture something that is about gamin makeup. (7)
25 Acted to help most of 26, perhaps. (6)
26 Spent some time before practice could be held. (8)

DOWN:

1 Rather in the American stag line! (Wait, and one sort of type will make it!) (6)
2 Looks like toast suggested by it? (2, 5)
3 Somewhat less than bright. (7)
4 One doubts that those they call on really give a rap whether they call or not. (13)
6 Doctrine is found in any domain. (7)
7 Periodical, especially when windy. (7)
8 Does he make up the narcotic summary? (8)
10 Climbing skill in the customary practice is a violation. (13)
14 Thrown over a tailor's goose, perhaps, but certainly not wrought. (4, 4)
16 Threw, or one who did? (7)
17 Multiform. (7)
18 A very soft comfort, but perhaps not the right way to satisfy. (7)
19 Lizardlike. (7)
20 Protect what's between C and G at the finish. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 709

ACROSS: 1 LIVELIHOOD; 6 SCUM; 10 FORWARD; 11 BULL PEN; 12 DISTRACT; 13 BRIEF; 15 ALONG; 17 GROWLINGS; 19 NOVITIATE; 21 NAIVE; 23 RENEW; 24 GAINSAID; 28 NIOBIUM; 29 RUSH; 30 WATER COLOR. DOWN: 1 LEFT; 2 VERTIGO; 3 LEAST; 4 HYDRANGEA; 5 ORBIT; 7 CAPTION; 8 MANIFESTED; 14 PAWNBROKER; 16 GATEWAYS; 18 OBEDIENCE; 20 VANDALS; 22 INITIAL; 24 AND 9 GAMMA GLOBULIN; 25 STOIC; 26 AND 27 OMAR KHAYYAM.

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